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FOR FAITH AND FATHERLAND

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

MODE OF SELECTING POPES.

So far as Records Show they are Always Elected.

COLLEGE OF CARDINALS.

Innocent V was Elected in One Day, but the Elections are Usually Slow.

Very Rev. Aug. Bessonies, Vicar General of the diocese of Indianapolis, who has recently returned from a trip to Europe contributes this very clear and highly interesting article to the Indianapolis Record:

Life being uncertain, a conclave may take place at any time. The elections of popes, including St. Peter, have averaged fourteen to the century. In the 10th century, for instance, when several pontiffs lived only one year or less, there were four conclaves in three years. During the seventh and fourteenth centuries the lives of the pontiffs averaged three years. But in ordinary times, most men see four or five conclaves during their lives. Pius IX. outlived by far any other pope. In the history of the papacy, including St. Peter, the longest lives have been those of Pius IX. and Gregory XIV. and Leo XIII. bids fair to come up to some of them. Notwithstanding the long lives of Gregory XIV. and Pius IX., a man of seventy years has seen five conclaves.

The popes have always been elected, and the exceptions, if any, are few. Yet according to an admitted tradition, Linus, Cletus and Clement I., in some way coadjutors to St. Peter, were selected by him as his successors in the order named above. This mode of selecting successors prevailed for some time; but in 341, at the council of Antioch, this was forbidden; the choice to be made by the bishops and the clergy, with or without the co-operation of the faithful. After Constantine that participation of the nobility in the selection of the popes became greater. The nobles or rather notables did not choose the pope but only indicated their preference for such or such candidate, and the result was same. During ten centuries the sovereign pontiffs were thus elected; but in the eleventh century, during the Crusades, at the time the usurpations of the Emperors Otho, Henry III. and Henry IV. took place, a change was made. The elections of Leo IX., Nicholas II. and Gregory VII. were conducted in a different manner. A decree of Alexander III. organized the sacred college to entrust to it the election of his successors. And thus the popes elect the cardinals, and the cardinals elect the popes. This is the new mode due to Hildebrand, who became pope under the name of Gregory VII. This was ultimately settled by the decree of Alexander III.

Up to that time the election of the pope had been controlled by the emperors; and the ambition of candidates gave rise to scandals, ending sometimes in the anti-popes and schisms. For two centuries after the decree of Alexander III. no trouble arose about the election of the popes. The successful candidate had to obtain two-thirds of the votes. Formerly, and under Gregory VII. only cardinal-bishops voted, but from Alexander III. all the cardinals could vote. At the beginning there were from ten to twenty cardinals voting. The number increased gradually; and under Pius I. there were 76 cardinals; the number was reduced to 60, and now it is 70.

The decree of Alexander III., dis-

pleased the Emperor Frederick II., a despotic and perfidious man, who wanted both the emperor's crown and the pope's tiara; he said that might make right; and by his great power influenced the electors that they spent twenty months electing Innocent IV., and two years, nine months and two days electing Gregory IX.

Even at the beginning of this century, when the princes of the church met at Venice, it required more than three months to elect a successor to Pius VI.; and almost under our eyes two months were required to elect Gregory XIV. If this happened in our days we cannot be surprised at the length of time required in the thirteenth century. It was then that St. Louis wrote to the cardinals that religion was not to be sold and that they might rest assured of the protection of France.

Gregory X. was elected in 1271 by a conclave which lasted two years; and in 1274 he made very severe rules for the government of conclaves. The cardinals were to be kept in the same room without curtains at the windows; their meals were to be sent to them through a window, so that they could have no communication with the outside. If the election did not take place in three days, they had only one dish at each meal: after five days they got only bread and water with a little wine. Besides they received no pay. These stringent rules did not please the cardinals, but they were successful, for Innocent V. was elected in one day. The successor of Gregory X. abolished these rules, and elections lasted again as long as two years and three months. Celestine V., before abdicating renewed the rules of Gregory X., which were confirmed by Boniface VIII.; later Clement VI., the fourth Pope of Avignon, allowed curtains at the windows, and a potage at their meals.

Although kings had no vote, yet France, Austria and Spain had their candidates supported by their ambassadors, who communicated to the conclave the letters of their respective sovereigns. But of late their influence is a great deal less. The conclave takes place ten days after the death of the pope, giving thus less time for intrigue. The pope is chosen from among the cardinals; yet one was elected when still a layman, but was ordained at once. Most of the conclaves have been held in Rome, but while the popes lived at Avignon, some of the conclaves took place in that city. When Pius VI. was going into exile, in view of the difficulties of holding the conclave in Rome, he ordered that as many of the cardinals as could meet at once should choose the place in which to hold the conclave; and he further dispensed with many of the previous regulations. Lately Prince Bismarck said in the Reichstag: "We will not speak about the papal election; but when we learn the result, we shall have to consider if it has been made in a manner entirely legitimate." But the chancellor has lost his power, and Leo XIII. will see that everything is ready for the conclave, and will rest easy in leaving Rome for the celestial Jerusalem.

Death of a Missionary.

Mgr. Timoleone Raimondi, Bishop of Acanto, and Vicar-Apostolic of Hong Kong, has passed to his everlasting reward. He was one of the veterans of the mission confided to the Seminary of St. Calocero at Milan, who, after having hazarded his life amidst the savage cannibals of Oceania, dedicated himself to the arduous mission of Hong Kong. San Calocero accounted him amongst its most illustrious children. With him has departed the last survivor of the first expedition of missionaries from the holy institution. R. I. P.

HOLY WINEFRIDE'S WELL.

Attracts Thousands of Pilgrims to a Welsh Village.

TRADITIONS OF ITS ORIGIN.

Miraculous Cures which are a Puzzle to Scientists. Many Protestants Cured.

Catholics from America visiting England, one of the most interesting places to make a pilgrimage to is St. Winefride's Well, at Holywell, in Wales. The village which is perhaps a thousand years old, takes its name from the miraculous well in its midst.

Holywell, which is within a few miles of Rhyl and Llandudno, the fashionable Welsh watering places, is one of those excessively hilly villages that are to be found nowhere but in Wales and Switzerland. A writer in the True Witness, of Montreal, gives some interesting information about the place.

Holywell is a real old-world Welsh village, where may be seen on market days, disposing of her merchandise, the trim, quaintly dressed farmer's wife, who, as she walks about with her Welsh sugarloaf hat perched high and shining on her head, chatters volubly to her friends in a dazzling many consonant language which seems to require a mighty amount of gesticulation to make it intelligible even to Welsh people. What with the bewildering Welsh names that mark the streets, which streets seem to have no beginning and no end and intersect and wind and radiate in a manner that entirely outdoes those mazes occasionally erected in public parks for the diversion of visitors, a visitor to Holywell is never exactly sure what will happen when he leaves his hotel for a stroll; he may walk three or four miles and at the end of that distance find that he is within twenty yards of where he started, or he may walk half a mile and become so irretrievably lost that he has to fee some Welsh person named Jones—everybody is named Jones at Holywell except a few of the aristocracy who are called Williams—to take him home again. All this is due to the hilly nature of the place. Houses are perched on the top of precipices, in valleys, in seemingly inaccessible places on hill sides, and in every other situation except where one would expect them to be placed. One may look over the wall of the hotel garden and see down the chimney of his next door neighbor's house, while the window of his bed room on a high flat will be no higher than the basement of the house opposite; thus despite its seclusion and continued tranquility, Holywell has perhaps more ups and downs than any other village either in England or Wales.

The tradition of the well is that Winefride, a noble British maid, rejecting the advances of an importunate and wicked suitor, was beheaded by him, and where her head fell there rose immediately a spring of purest crystal water; and at the same time the earth yawning swallowed up her murderer. This was a thousand years ago, but reliable chronicles, history and tradition, all affirm that before that time there was no spring at that place. In course of time the well of St. Winefride became known as miraculous, and in the middle ages St. Winefride was more venerated and her shrine more visited than now. The volume of water which springs from the rock every minute of the day numbers ten tons or several millions of gallons, and the stream flows in winter and summer,

in dry seasons and in wet, with equal volume. The temperature in winter and summer never varies more than four degrees. Sometimes a deposit of blood-red stains color the marble baths which have been built for the water to flow through; at such times, says Father Beaulere, who lives near the well, the cures are more frequent; pilgrims, when this happens, feeling more faith in the possibility of a cure.

The Jesuit Fathers of Holywell say that cures are often effected among pilgrims of the working classes, the educated classes are always more skeptical.

In the course of time many thousands of persons have been cured of disease and infirmity by bathing in the well of St. Winefride. Among the cures effected were cures of tumor, paralysis, lameness, rheumatism, and many minor ailments.

The surprising feature of the well to scientists is that a volume of water reaching several millions of gallons a minute and of such surpassed purity should spring up in a place where it is proved there was originally no flow at all; it is also worth notice that in no other part of Wales is there a similar spring. Sceptical geologists, after the most searching and ingenious investigation and the most strenuous endeavors to account for the spring in an ordinary manner, have been at last constrained to confess that they see no natural cause to account for a spring in such a place.

An increasing number of cures take place every year, and an increasing number of pilgrims visit the shrine and in full faith bathe themselves in that pure, clear, ever-flowing fountain and venerating the relics of Winefride the Virgin Martyr, go away cured and with renewed vigor; if not temporally, at least spiritually—with that strength which is so much more valuable than all the temporal physical graces with which it is possible for a body to be endowed.

Baptists on Episcopalians.

"The other day," observes the Watchman (Bapt.) of Boston, "Bishop Potter of New York received the vows of poverty, celibacy and obedience, made for a term of five years, by a young Episcopal minister with a view of founding a religious community to be called the Brotherhood of the Church. It is understood that there is a somewhat zealous attempt in the Episcopal Church to found an order of the celibate clergymen. We have no doubt that it is a good thing for ministers, in certain circumstances, to remain unmarried. As a rule, we are inclined to think they marry too early, and assume the responsibilities of a household before they have established themselves in their profession. We do not doubt either that in certain circumstances, a minister can do more effective work when he is free from domestic cares, but all this is not to the point. The celibacy of the priesthood is a distinctive mark of Rome, and a church that officially recognizes and approves it has gone far towards Rome. In such matters we are to take into account not merely the practice itself, but that which it stands for and typifies. The Roman Catholic Cardinal Vaughan, speaking the other day at Preston, England, on Christian union, said that he discerned unmistakable tendencies of the 'gradual submission' of the Church of England to the Church of Rome. The doctrines of Rome which formerly had been rejected and condemned have been re-examined and taken back one by one until the thirty-nine articles have been vanished and buried as a rule of faith. The tendency is towards extreme ritualism. The same is true in this country. The phraseology of Rome is used in many Episcopal Churches. In some of them mass is substituted for the communion; the confessional is introduced; prayers for the dead are offered, and the Virgin Mary worshipped. Of course Episcopalians generally resent Cardinal Vaughan's conclusions, but the facts to which we allude and upon which he bases them cannot be denied."

HEALTHY MINDED PROTESTANTS

Condemnation of Apaisism from Others than Catholics.

AGAINST SECRET SOCIETIES

Consensus of Opinion of the Leading Writers and Preachers of the Eastern States.

From all over the States we receive from all manner of men condemnation of the A. P. A's, proving that the healthy American minded Protestants condemn as strongly as Catholics the unchristian and treasonable teaching and practices of this foreign begotten, malodorous organization.

President Eliot of the Harvard University, writes in the October number of the Forum:

"The first moral cause of permanence of which the American Republic has the advantage is the principle of toleration in religion—a principle which though not recently enunciated (nobody has ever stated it better than William the silent) has been very recently put in practice, not by any means in all parts of the civilized world, but in a few favored regions and notably in the United States. On one of the tablets of the Water-gate at Chicago was written this sentence: 'Toleration in religion the best fruit of the last four centuries.' This statement is no exaggeration, but the literal truth. Toleration in religion is absolutely the best fruit of all the struggles, labors and sorrows of the civilized nations during the last four centuries. The real acceptance of this principle cannot be carried back more than fifty years. Even now it is not accepted everywhere—far from it; but it is accepted in the United States more widely and completely than in any other country, and here lies one of the chief hopes for the permanence of our institutions. We are delivered from one of the worst terrors and horrors of the past. What suffering our race has endured from religious wars, persecutions and exterminations! From these woes and from all apprehension of them, the people of the American Republic are delivered. We owe to this principle, however, much more than deliverance from evils; for it is a positive promoter of good will and mutual respect among men and of friendly intercourse unembarrassed by religious distinctions. That this beneficent principle has freer play here than it ever had elsewhere, gives one firm ground for believing that our Republic may attain a permanence never before attained."

Rev. Dr. Layman, pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, preached in the same strain. His words are: "Combat intolerance wherever you find it; combat intolerance in your own hearts; combat intolerance that sneers at the black-robed women, who have devoted their lives to the care of the sick and poor, who have cared for the wounded on the battlefields; combat the intolerance which manifests itself in your breast at the sight of a man who wears a cross on his breast."

Mr. Gladden, in the October Century, writing on "Secret Societies in Politics," emphatically states:

"But when any organization undertakes to influence or direct public affairs, there must be no more secrecy. The first law of public business is the law of publicity. What concerns the whole public the whole public has a right to know all about. A group of citizens, meeting in secret, and scheming to impose their will by stealth or indirectness upon the community, is as much out of place in a republic as

a cinder in the eye or a tumor on the brain. What these people are trying to do directly concerns me; my freedom, my security, my welfare are to be affected by their action; yet I am not permitted to know anything about their designs; I must simply accept what they in their secret conclaves decree."

In a friendly discussion with Professor W. C. Robinson, of the Yale Law School, on the Mutual Relations of the Roman Catholic and Protestant churches, Justice S. E. Baldwin, of the Connecticut Supreme Court, closed his discourse on the church as follows:

"Our enemies are its enemies. The great danger to republican government of America now comes from two sources—the spread of anarchy and the incorporation into our society of masses of new-come foreigners unfamiliar with our institutions and ignorant of the necessary limits of liberty. Against both these forces the Roman Catholics are our best allies. It is full time for all Christian men to pull together in warfare with the bad in the world. Our differences are as nothing compared to the points on which we agree, and it will be the fault of the American Protestant if he does not welcome and solicit the support of Catholic churches on every question of ethics and morality."

THE RUSSIAN CHURCH.

Some Facts About a Little Known Sect.

The courteous invitation of the Episcopal Bishop of San Francisco to the Bishop of the Russian Communion to be present at a function in his cathedral, has turned the mind of enquirers to the Russian Church. It is, therefore, well for our people to be put in possession of information that may serve them when occasion arises.

Christianity was established in Russia in the ninth century. But the present Russian Church was begotten by Peter the Great in the early part of the eighteenth century. In re-organizing his empire, this Czar determined to subordinate matters ecclesiastic to his own headship and that of his successors. On the death of Adrian Patriarch of Moscow none other was appointed. Twenty years later, in 1721, the entire administration of the church was with the approbation of the Patriarch of Constantinople placed under the control of the Holy Synod—composed of archbishops, bishops and archimandrites. These are nominated by the Czar, who may remove them at will. Each member on entering office swears that he recognizes the Czar "as supreme judge in this spiritual assembly." The Holy Synod is one of the great departments of the State. The Minister of Public Worship, though not necessarily an ecclesiastic, is ex-officio a member of the Synod and can veto any proposed measure that has not been laid before the Czar. The latter is absolutely supreme and is the source of all church dignity and jurisdiction. In other words, Peter the Great created it a State Church, just as Henry VIII made the Anglican Communion. In both instances the final court of appeal in things spiritual, whether doctrinal or disciplinary, is to the Crown in Council.

Unlike his royal brother and sister of England, Peter the Great made no change in the liturgy or the articles of belief. The old Slavonic tongue and gorgeous ritual remained unchanged and so continues. The little catechism compiled by the order of this new pope is but a compendium of the "Confession of Faith of the Catholic and Apostolic Eastern Church," drawn up by the metropolitan of Kiev in 1630. Therein is taught the dis-

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JUSTICE WILL PREVAIL.

A Matter for Intelligent Voters to Ponder over.

ONLY DEMANDED FAIR PLAY.

Unjust Treatment of Joseph P. Kelly by the Democracy.

A CASE PLAINLY STATED.

Peculiar Position of the Examiner Towards a Candidate of Its Own Party.

One of the most peculiar transactions of the present political campaign, for which no explanation has been vouchsafed, was the manner in which the executive committee of the Democratic State Central Committee treated Joseph P. Kelly, the democratic nominee for Congress from the fifth district. Unsought by him, Mr. Kelly was made the unanimous choice of the convention. All was smooth sail for a few days, when a story was bruited around, reflecting on his business integrity. Mr. Kelly, without being afforded an opportunity to defend himself, was "pulled down," or at least such an attempt was made, which however, proved futile, and Mr. Kelly yet remains the Democratic candidate.

Mr. Kelly, in the following letter very clearly sets forth his reasons for not submitting to the unjust action of the committee. His letter is a manly, straightforward document, and is well worthy of perusal by anyone who believes in decency and fair play. Mr. Kelly wrote as follows:

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 26th, 1894.
Hon. F. H. Gould, Chairman Democratic State Central Committee:

DEAR SIR:—I am in receipt of a series of resolutions certified to by John Markley, Secretary of the Democratic State Central Committee, as a true copy of resolutions which have been passed by your Committee, in reference to my candidacy for Member of Congress in the Fifth Congressional District, and in reply respectfully state that the nomination for Congressman was tendered to me, without any solicitation upon my part, on the 25th day of August, 1894. The first time any accusation of any kind was made against me, was on the 1st day of September, 1894, six days after my having received the nomination. The charges preferred were of a serious nature, and I did what I believe would have been the duty of any honorable and fair-minded man under the circumstances. The Grand Jury was then in session, and I immediately forwarded a communication to that body, requesting an immediate investigation, and, in compliance with my request, the Grand Jury did make such an investigation. I appeared before that tribunal, gave my testimony, and presented them with a list of my witnesses, and the absolute falsity of those charges was conclusively proven.

It goes without saying, that if I had not been a candidate for public office, charges of this or any other kind never would have been made or preferred against me. I have lived in this community all my life, my record is an open book, and there is nothing in it that has caused the blush of shame to come to my cheeks, nor in any way reflected upon my character or reputation. There can be no doubt but that the charges were actuated by maliciousness and by spitefulness, because there was absolutely no foundation of any character or nature for their preference; and everyone who knows me, or with whom I have ever been associated, or with whom I have done business, know that accusations of that kind could never be truthfully made against me.

In view of the fact that the first time these charges were made was on the 1st day of September, and that no action on the part of your committee had ever been taken until Saturday, the 22d day of September, three weeks interval having elapsed; and in view of the further fact that the public journals had published column upon column in relation to the subject mat-

ter thereof during all of that time; and the further fact that during such publications, and the pendency of these accusations, and the investigation thereof by the Grand Jury, your Committee, through one of its sub-committees, had prepared my certificate of nomination and requested me to have the same signed and filed in accordance with the law, which I accordingly did; and in view of the further fact, that upon the 20th day of September, 1894, I received an official communication from you as Chairman of the State Central Committee in relation to the manner in which I should conduct my campaign, I am led to believe that the action of your Committee in the passage of these resolutions was inspired solely by the persistent requests which had been editorially made in a so-called Democratic paper, which is known for its scurrility, unreliability and sensationalism. With regard to that sheet I would not be surprised but that its animus against me is inspired by the fact that it is generally known that one of the staff of that paper was seeking the nomination for the office of Member of Congress from the Fifth Congressional District and it is fair to presume that he having been defeated in his aspirations in that regard the paper felt called upon to sustain the attack upon me to the end of forcing me to withdraw from the ticket so that a vacancy might be created.

Being absolutely guiltless of the charges which have been preferred against me, and being entirely innocent of any participation in the subject matter of said charges, I have pursued the only course which was open to any honorable or fair-minded man. It was a duty which I owe myself and family to sustain my reputation, which has never before been assailed.

I can say further that so far as the action of the Committee is concerned in the passage of these resolutions, I fail to see by what right they seek to pass a resolution releasing any and all Democrats from any obligation to support me as the nominee of the Democratic Party of the Fifth Congressional District. I was nominated by a convention of the Democratic Party regularly called and convened; and the same body created the Committee of which you are a member, circumscribing and limiting the powers thereof. So far as my nomination is concerned the only action which the convention took that nominated me was to delegate to your Committee the power to fill a vacancy in case one existed. It also authorized and empowered you and your Committee to conduct the campaign, which you in part attempted to do in my case in sending me the letter of the 20th instant. The convention did not delegate any power to you or your Committee to create vacancies or to release Democrats from voting for any particular candidate who might have been nominated by the various conventions. Such a course as this has never been pursued before in the history of the Party, and undoubtedly never would have been even suggested or thought of if it had not been for the so-called organ of the Democratic Party. And the result is what? The result is, according to the statement made in the Morning Call of the 25th inst., that the political editor of that organ is not now in charge thereof, for the reason, as is stated, that the editorial policy did not suit the proprietor, in consequence of which he sent in his resignation. However, that cuts but an immaterial figure in the matter, only to the extent that it shows the peculiar attitude in which the State Central Committee is placed in having followed the editorial dictates of a political editor who deals in irresponsible "fantastic attitudes" which have since been repudiated by its proprietor. Further, with relation to this paper, I would like to quote from an article published in the San Francisco News Letter on September 22d, 1894, to show the estimation in which this organ is held by the respectable and conservative journals of the city.

"Mr. Hearst is an amiable young man, and it is unnecessary to discuss his moral accountability for the Examiner's despicable course. It appears not to disturb him to remember that his present talented editor was so recently publishing him and his paper as cowardly liars and time-servers. No one will charge him with complicity in the innumerable shady schemes of which his paper is the faithful organ, for he is absent from his business too much to understand all that is done in his name. His personal reputation has suffered from the conduct of his paper, but the wise know that the agencies with which he has surrounded himself have him completely under their domination. It makes no difference whether these agencies may be gratifying a private

revenge with which he has no concern, or whether they may be fostering shady political schemes and ambitions of which he has no knowledge, or whether they may be using the influence of the paper to extort money from citizens on threats of exposure or opposition, it is not believed that he is in their confidence or receives a share of the benefits which they enjoy. With such a policy in view one may comprehend its course, for it is not lack of understanding that explains its delirious round of fantastic attitudes, consistent only in its mendacity and destructiveness. It is an outlaw in politics, a freebooter in journalism, and a bushwacker in business—a crazy-quilt of the wide ranging rascalities and insanities that control it, and that should be thankful to find a pocket so easy to pick and a fortune so willingly yielded for mischief."

In conclusion I will state further that it is an old adage that "people who live in glass houses should not throw stones," but in the instance of some members of the State Central Committee in passing these resolutions there is palpably and manifestly a clear case on their part of a reversal of this old adage, to the effect that there are some people in glass houses who are now doing the throwing. I sincerely believe that my candidacy in the Fifth Congressional District, even in the face of these untrue and malicious charges, will cost the Democratic Party less votes on election day than the rumored association of certain members of your committee, high in its councils and deliberations, with an organization whose interests are inimical to the best interests of the Democratic Party, and whose tenets are a blow at one of the foundations of this government, and which would force certain people in order to secure political preferment to disown their nationality and renounce their religion.

I am, respectfully yours,
JOSEPH P. KELLY.

OUR GREAT OFFER.

Brief Summary of an Unparalleled Premium Offer.

We have received numerous letters during the past week in reference to our premium offer, and for the benefit of subscribers who desire to take advantage of its terms reiterate it this week.

For those who send us \$4.65, we will send a magnificent crayon portrait, entitled a True Likeness of Our Savior, framed in a three-inch oak frame, with handsome passepartout, already boxed for shipment to any part of the world, and a copy of this paper for one year. This offer is limited, and those who desire to obtain this magnificent picture should order it at once.

Our second offer is for \$1.50 and 10 cents, to pay postage, to send you a copy of this paper for one year, and an elegantly printed map of Ireland, size, 2 1/2 x 4 feet, printed in twelve colors. The retail value of this map alone is \$1.50, so you practically get the paper for nothing.

For our third offer we will on receipt of \$1.00 send you the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC for three months and execute for you a crayon portrait, size 17x14 inches, in the highest style of the art. These pictures are superior to any yet offered, and will warrant the closest study. As the price of the paper for three months is 40 cents, the picture, therefore, will only cost 60 cents, but will not be supplied to any but subscribers. Cut a coupon from the paper, enclose \$1.00 in coin, money order or stamps, with your photograph. If the picture is not satisfactory your money will be cheerfully refunded.

Address all orders to the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC, room 10, Montgomery Block, San Francisco.

We Know You, Mr. Daly.

The Pasadena Star advises its readers to hear the eloquent and patriotic ex-Catholic priest, Rev. J. B. Daly, whose "fourteen years" of experience enable him to tell from experience what he knows about Rome. Daly deluded deluded Oaklanders for a brief time about a year ago, and then hid himself hence. He is on the rolls of the A. P. A., and his jail experience would fill a volume. By the way, the Star also remarks he has full houses wherever he goes. It should have added that if the house is not full Daly is, so it's "hoss and hoss."

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THE RUSSIAN CHURCH.

tinctive doctrines of our church, namely: The Sacrifice of the Mass, Transubstantiation, Seven Sacraments, the intercession of the Saints and of the Blessed Virgin, Scripture and Tradition as the two sources of faith, prayers and almsgiving for the faithful departed. Their practices are no less Catholic: confession to a priest, fasting, hearing mass on Sundays and great feast days. They differ from us in the Supremacy of the Pope, the double procession of the Holy Ghost, and they maintain that baptism by sprinkling is invalid.

The imperial policy of Russia has been to effect a uniformity of religious profession throughout the empire. Against dissenters of all kinds, and more especially against Catholics, who still number some eight millions, the most relentless, cruel persecution has been practiced to make them join the State Church.

It is difficult to see what religious fellowship Bishop Nichol can have with the Russian Prelate. In matters of doctrine they are at opposite poles. Were the Episcopalian to inform his invited guest that orders do not confer either power to sacrifice, or power to forgive sin, and that in the language of the 39 articles, "the sacrifices of Masses are blasphemous fables and dangerous conceits," there would be little hope of communion in sacred things. Undoubtedly Bishop Nichol would, if logical, hesitate to join in the words of the Russian Liturgy calling Pope Sylvester: "Divine head of the holy bishops;" or Pope Leo: "the successor on the highest throne of St. Peter, the heir of the invincible rock;" or Pope Martin of the seventh century: "Thou didst adorn the divine throne of Peter and holding the Church upright on this rock which cannot be shaken, thou didst honor thy name;" or Pope Leo III of the end of the eighth century: "O Chief Shepherd of the Church, do thou represent the place of Jesus Christ." Peter the Great forgot to strike out this damaging testimony to the primacy of the Pope.

The notes of a Sister made in 1840-1 to Russia, written by Rev. W. Palmer, an ardent Tractarian, led to a more thorough understanding of the Russian Faith and landed Palmer in the bark of St. Peter under the pilotage of the Pope.

Mutilating Horses.

The United States Veterinary Medical association, at its thirty-first annual meeting, held in Philadelphia, adopted a resolution condemning the "docking" of horses' tails and calling attention to the fact that nature surely intended the tail as the animal's defense against the assaults of insects. There is nothing new in the announcement that the tail is a useful appendage, but those persons who are ever vigilant to avert cruelty to animals will be delighted to have the duly recorded support of such an authority as the Veterinary association. The practice of "docking" horses' tails is wholly indefensible. Some people try to justify it on the ground that it improves the horse's appearance. It does not. It simply spoils the good looks of any horse so operated upon.—Washington Star.

"The Conduct of Life."

Under this head Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote: "Tis an estimable hint I owe to a few persons of fine manners that they make behavior the very first sign of force—behavior, not performance, or talent, or much less, wealth. While almost everybody has a suppliant eye turned on events and things and other persons, a few natures are central and forever unfold, and these alone charm us. He whose word or deed you cannot predict, who answers you without any supplication in his eye, who draws his determination from within, that man rules."

A Welsh Lourdes.

Holywell, in North Wales, may soon become an English Lourdes. The well of St. Winefride, which gave the place its name, has recently begun again to perform miracles. The latest cure is that of a little girl, who recovered her voice on entering the water. A blind woman got back her sight, a deaf and dumb boy his hearing and speech, and pilgrims are beginning to flock to the place.—Chicago Tribune.

A Meeting Point In Africa.

Africa is a big place. But it is not big enough to contain England, France, Germany, Portugal and Italy. And when England starts with a "Cape Town to Cairo" idea, while France sets herself to expand across the continent the other way, it is obvious that there is a point somewhere in the middle at which the two must meet. And that point has now been reached.—Pall Mall Budget.

HER FATHER A LITERARY MAN.

Not That He Had Written Anything, but It Would Look Well In an Obituary.

"I am exceedingly sorry to disturb you at such a time and upon such an errand," remarked the reporter as the front door was opened in response to his ring, "but I have been sent to see if you would not kindly furnish me with some facts regarding Mr. Blank. We wish them for an obituary."

"Certainly," responded the woman. Then she turned and called out loudly: "Mamie, Mamie, here's a reporter. Come down and tell him what an honest man your father was."

There seemed to be nothing of unusual interest in Mr. Blank's history until the reporter inquired the nature of Mr. Blank's business.

"He was a literary man," replied the woman.

"Indeed! What did he write?"

"Well, I really—I really don't think he ever wrote any books."

"Newspaper man?"

"No," remarked the woman, "but his father was. My grandfather was editor of the Sussex Bugle Note. You probably know the paper?"

"May I ask what your father did as a literary man? Did he edit or revise any publications? Was he connected with any trade paper—almanac—I beg your pardon—directory or guide?"

"No," said the woman earnestly. By this time the reporter was not a little perplexed. "Really," he said after a pause, "I should like to make my report complete. Can you not be more specific regarding your father's literary work?"

"Well, the truth is," responded the woman, "he was engaged by Galley & Form, publishers of the 'Compendium of Universal Knowledge.' He was their sole agent in Connecticut and sold 10,000 sets last summer on commission. Of course you needn't say anything about that. Just put him down as a literary man. It will be perfectly satisfactory to the family."—New York Herald.

FROM TRIFLING CIRCUMSTANCES.

Indications In the Boy's Life That Prove Prophetic of His Future.

Carlyle says that you can tell how a man would do anything from the way he sings. However this may be, it is certainly true in nine cases out of ten that you can tell what sort of a man the boy will make from seeing him at play when obliged to stay indoors without a companion. Lord (then plain William) Armstrong, the famous engineer, was a delicate boy, and one winter when 6 years old was confined to the house for months. To amuse himself he set several old spinning wheels in motion by weights descending on strings from top to bottom of the house over the staircase railing.

Friends and relatives brought mechanical toys for the little prisoner, which he at once pulled to pieces. It was not satisfactory to him to see "Jack" jump up in the "box" when the lid was raised. He would know what made "Jack" spring up.

One day, while fishing near a rustic mill, the water wheel attracted his attention, because it was fed by a rill above which descended from a height of nearly 100 feet. Seeing that only 20 feet of the descent was utilized, he pondered the question, "Why not use the whole descent of the stream as a motive power?" A swinging lamp in a church suggested to Galilei the pendulum as a means of measuring time, and Armstrong saw in the descending rill power for a hydraulic crane. He invented one, and it attracted the attention of leading engineers.

Lord Armstrong's name is now, as most of our readers know, identified with huge rifled cannon, the manufacture of large projectiles and the building of mighty vessels of war.—Scottish American.

Multiplication of the Typewriter.

"The coming man will not write nearly so much as the man of this age," said Professor Charles Whitford of Philadelphia at the Normandie, "and yet it must not be inferred that the art of penmanship is going to drop into early desuetude. The cheaper typewriters become the less chirography there will be. Professional men of any standing rarely do any writing now, save perhaps to indite their own signatures. In newspaper offices three-fourths of the reporter staff compose their 'stories' on machines, and not a few of the more dignified editors have learned to play the keys. Handwriting will linger a great deal longer in the country and smaller towns than in the big cities, for the same reason that the candle and kerosene lamp linger longest in the former localities."—Washington Post.

A Messroom Fun.

James Payn recalls in a certain messroom the conversation after dinner turning upon a Captain Mosely in the regiment, who had the gift of prophecy, though it must be confessed it was mainly limited to sporting events. A guest, who had drunk quite as much champagne as was good for him, expressed incredulity to his next neighbor, who, with a most courteous bow, observed, "Well, that is an opinion I can hardly discuss with impartiality, because I am Mosely." "I do not doubt that at all," was the unexpected rejoinder, "but are you mosely right?"—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Sleep of Horses.

When the horse sleeps, it is said that one ear is directed forward, why is not known. A writer in The English Mechanic thinks this is to guard against danger, being a survival of their originally wild habits. He says: "Watch a horse asleep through the window of his stable and make a faint noise to the front. That ear will be all attention, and probably the other will fly round sharply to assist. Now let him go to sleep again and make the same noise to the left. The forward ear still will keep guard, with possibly a lightning flick round, only to resume its former position."

A GRAND Opportunity TO MAKE MONEY \$5 to \$50 FOR LITTLE LABOR

The field is open, and the first to enter the list will reap the harvest.

Boys and girls, men and women, can devote an hour or two a day to the work, which is light, easy, and profitable.

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Get ten yearly subscribers, send \$10 to the office, and retain \$5 for your trouble.

Get twenty yearly subscribers, send \$20 to the office, retaining \$10 commission.

Get forty yearly subscribers, send \$40 to the office, retaining \$20 commission.

Get fifty subscribers, send \$50 to the office, retaining \$25 commission.

Get one hundred subscribers, send \$100 to the office, retaining \$50 commission.

Any person sending a list of five yearly subscribers will be entitled to the commission on subsequent names sent, at the same rate. The first list from any person must consist of not less than five subscribers.

Lists of subscribers received under this offer must be new ones; that is, not composed of any who have already ordered the paper.

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GROWN WEARY.

"These two-year-olds will make me gray," the landlady said. "They keep me guessing every day. I wish that I was dead. I think I've picked a winner sure. Then see him disappear. The very best one runs so poor. He lands up in the rear. "Bellicose wins a stake. I swear that he is good. The Bank of England he would break. To finders if he could. Then Lissak scores a pretty win. I plunge on him next time. Then realize I've lost my tin. And haven't got a dime. "Roy del Carreras shows so well. He catches all my cash. I plunge on him—sad tale to tell. How could I be so rash? He doubles up just like a knife. When half way to the wire. I say, "What is there left in life? And curse him in my ire. "Then comes along Margrane's Frank K—A rank outsider he. And wins in quite an easy way. And that's what's broken me. Why don't these run twice alike? Can any man explain. Just when and where they're going to 'strike. And so relieve my brain?" —Chicago Journal.

WHO WAS ALICIA?

Young Mrs. Waterhouse finished the writing of a dutiful letter to her mother. The letter assured the anxious old lady that the writer was quite happy; that there was really no necessity for worry, and that mamma might make herself quite content at Biarritz. Geoffrey was the best of husbands, and although, of course, much engaged at South Kensington with his fearful abstract experiments and his new book on steel fibers, he was extremely attentive and kind. And she was, with much love, mamma's affectionate daughter, Helen Waterhouse.

"Mamma won't believe it," said young Mrs. Waterhouse, with a kind of comic despair. "She is always wanting to know about the skeleton. Thank goodness there isn't one!" On the clean blotting pad was an impress of some of her husband's writing. A palette shaped mirror stood on the table, and half unconsciously she turned the pad toward it.

"Wonder to whom he has been writing!" It was quite easy to see. Mrs. Waterhouse glanced at it casually at first, then, her face fiercely pink, with much attention:

"I want you, my dearest, to believe that I am quite true to you. I am bound by certain ties to others, but to you, my sweetheart, my own dearest Alicia!"

"Alicia!" cried Mrs. Waterhouse aloud as she panted and sat back in her chair. "Alicia! Alicia who, I wonder?" She knew his writing so well that she could scarce be deceived on that point. The whole thing in a moment was clear. Her dear mother, with a less cramped experience of the world, had been right, after all.

"There is a skeleton," said the trembling Mrs. Waterhouse. She tore her letter to Biarritz into many pieces. As the last fragment went into the ferns in the fireplace she felt a kiss upon her neck.

"Don't do that, please," she cried. "Beg pardon," said her husband. "Did I frighten you?"

He took off his hat and adjusted his pince-nez. His coolness almost took her breath away.

"I must say, Geoffrey," she declared, "that I can't help admiring your—your cheek."

"My love, I admire yours. I meant to have kissed it just now."

She took up a newspaper, and twisting it violently in her excitement made an endeavor to speak with calmness. "I have been reading rather an interesting fragment, Geoffrey. Shall I tell you what it is?"

"Quote away," said Mrs. Waterhouse. "Mrs. Waterhouse recited from the coin of vantage furnished by a rug the letter to Alicia. The professor dropped his glasses and looked intensely disturbed."

"Now, my dear love," "Oh, no!" said Mrs. Waterhouse. "My dear Helen then, will you allow me to say?"

"I only want to know one thing. Did you write this ridiculous stuff, please?" "Why, yes. I'm not going to deny that. Of course it's only a part of the letter to the girl, but if you like I can tell you what happens afterward."

"I don't want to know. If this gets known, what will be thought of you? You will be the laughing stock of all your colleagues."

"That's very true," acknowledged Professor Waterhouse, with concern. "That's very true, and it must never get known. I can't drop the affair now, unfortunately, but, you know"—he smiled at his wife a little anxiously—"there really is no harm in it, and I'm not the only man who!"

"Really?" in a tone of remote and frigid interest. "I frankly admit, though, that I should be very sorry for it to get known. Of course it seems to you a very foolish thing to do."

"By no means." "But I really don't believe that I could have endured the strain of writing that new work of mine if at the same time I had not!"

"Let me ask you one more question, please. Understand, Geoffrey, that you are sorry now that you ever lent yourself to such a—such a despicable business."

"That's not quite the point, dear." He was recovering from his usual composure. "That's not what I'm sorry for. I'm sorry to be found out. I wanted to keep it quiet. But there's no earthly reason why anybody but ourselves should know. After all every man has his hobby."

"Geoffrey, I won't listen to you." "Well, my dear, I can't force you to, can I? I believe if you would only let me tell you the whole affair from beginning to end you wouldn't be so much

amused about it. It really isn't so bad as you think. Alicia is a most delightful girl, and it has been a recreation for me, you know, and I have been slogging away so of late, and—"

The door slammed. Mrs. Waterhouse went up stairs to her room and hurriedly, very hurriedly, packed a portmanteau. There was time to catch the mail at Charing Cross, and she meant to get away to Biarritz, away from the stifling atmosphere of this house, away from London. She rang for her maid.

"Farker." "Yes, ma'am." "The mail goes at 8 from Charing Cross, I think?"

"It used to go at 8, ma'am," said Parker cautiously. "When we went away, if you remember—" "Yes, yes, of course. I want you to pack a bag for yourself, and we will catch the mail tonight."

"Catch the mail, ma'am, tonight?" "Yes, yes. Lose no time, please, and send out for a cab."

"Well, I never!" murmured Parker. Mrs. Waterhouse had some intention of having one fine, big, square scene with her husband before she left, but there was little time to spare. Moreover, it occurred to her that she could be quite as bitter in a well composed letter to be dispatched from Biarritz as in a hasty interview.

"Come along, Parker," she called. "It's all very well to say come along," muttered Parker discontentedly, "but this is a rum sort of a game, and I don't 'alf cotton to it."

"We've got 20 minutes. Tell the man to drive carefully, but to drive very fast."

The most galling thing about the whole deplorable affair was the certainty that her mother would meet her at the station with an I-told-you-so-my-poor-lamb expression. Still there was no one else to whom she could go, and at any rate she could always control mamma. She always had done so.

Charing Cross. "The mail, lady?" said the porter civilly. "The mail goes at it fifteen. It's later'n it use to be."

"Parker, will you get some papers? Get one or two for yourself, you know." Parker, still rather inclined to be cross, went to the bookstall. It half restored the excellent maid to complacent submission to what she termed all this ramping about to find the new number of "The Lady's Own Chatterbox" on sale. It was her own particular favorite journal.

"We'll get in now, Parker," said Mrs. Waterhouse. "There's 20 minutes to wait, but we may as well take our seats. Seconds, please, porter."

They found comfortable corner seats. For awhile they watched the stout, perspiring ladies and the slim daughters and the pet dogs. The usually demure Parker sniggered so much when she saw two Frenchmen kiss each other that she dropped "The Lady's Own Chatterbox." Mrs. Waterhouse took it up and held it in her hand.

"I must read," she whispered to herself. "I must do something to keep myself from thinking. I shall faint if I don't divert my thoughts."

The "Lady's Own Chatterbox" lay on her lap. She put one small foot against the seat opposite and leaned forward to get the steady glare of the electric light on the page.

"Any more going on?" cried the inspector on the platform aggressively. "We commence this week a story by a new writer, Walter House, entitled 'Alicia's Only Love.' It will be replete with romantic interest, and, in short, a wonderful picture of high class life of the present day, with all its faults and foibles."

"Now, then," cried the inspector on the platform in an aggrieved tone to a belated passenger, "are you going on there, or are you not going on?"

Mrs. Waterhouse began to read. Chapter I was headed, "The Countess." Alicia was half leaning, half reclining on an ottoman reading a delicately scented letter from Sir Harold de Beer. It opened thus: "I want you, my dearest, to believe that I am quite true to you. I am bound by certain ties to others, but to you, my sweetheart, my own darling Alicia!"

"Parker!" screamed Mrs. Waterhouse, with a gasp of delight. "Come out quickly."

"Right away," shouted the inspector. "Stand away there, please."

"Here, stop!" cried Mrs. Waterhouse. She caught up her skirts and jumped nimbly out. An active porter seized her bags, and as the train was moving caught the descending Parker neatly and swung her round upon her feet.

"Ow's that, umpire?" asked the porter. "O—t, out!" said the inspector. He turned his hand lamp to Mrs. Waterhouse. "Hope you're all right, ma'am?"

"Thank you, yes," said Mrs. Waterhouse breathlessly. "I'm all right now." —Pall Mall Budget.

No Use For Carlyle.

Scene—Book counter in department store; bargains in standard works; two over-dressed, pasty faced damsels lingering carelessly to examine titles.

"Did you ever read this?" said one, picking up a 19 cent copy of "Sartor Resartus." "Mr. Smith says it's splendid."

The other took the little volume rather gingerly, glanced for a moment into its solidly printed pages, and with a contemptuous "Excuse me!" tossed it across the counter.

The vulgar intonation of that "Excuse me!" and its flippant application to so ponderous a work were amusing, to say the least.—Art In Advertising.

Unexpected.

It was the first time Mr. Dismal Dawson had ever been met at the door by a woman in bloomers, and it rattled him a bit.

"Lady," said he, "you see before you the wreck of a man who was at one time as much of a gentleman as yourself." —Cincinnati Tribune.

LAPSES OF IDENTITY.

PEOPLE WHO STRANGELY DISAPPEAR FOR LONG PERIODS.

When They Reappear to Their Friends, They Have No Memory of Their Wanderings—Cases of a Tinsmith and a Lawyer Related by Dr. Osborne.

A paper entitled "People Who Drop Out of Sight," by Dr. A. E. Osborne, superintendent of a home for children at Glen Ellen, Cal., was read at a recent meeting of the Medico-Legal society at the Academy of Medicine, New York. After speaking of mysterious disappearances in general and the usual inability to account for them the paper gave several instances which the author says happened to persons and under circumstances well known to him.

The first case was that of a man of middle age, "in rugged health and free from any inherited neuropathic taint." He was a plumber by trade and lived in a town near Philadelphia. He was prosperous and was neither overworked nor the victim of business troubles. His family life was harmonious, and he had no bad habits. The Sunday on which he disappeared he had been in the house all day, reading and playing with his children. About 4 o'clock he got up from the lounge on which he lay, changed his house jacket for an ordinary business coat and told his wife he was going out for a short walk. He stepped into the street and suddenly disappeared, as if he had vanished into air.

Although a conspicuous figure in the town, and although the streets were crowded, he was seen by nobody. His absence continuing, the next day an exhaustive search was made for him. But nothing could be learned. There was absolutely no trace of him, either in the town or in the surrounding country. In due course the business was disposed of and the family moved to Chicago, giving up all hope of finding a clew to the man's disappearance.

One day two years later a number of men were working at their trade in a tinshop in one of the far southern states. Suddenly one of them dropped his work and clasped his hands to his head.

"My God!" he cried, looking about dazedly, "where am I? How did I get here? This isn't my shop! Where am I? What does it mean?"

His companions were at first disposed to laugh, but when they saw the man's changed expression, the beads of sweat on his brow and his nervous twitchings they knew he was not drunk, but under the influence of some great emotion.

They spoke to him, but he insisted that the name they called him by was not his. At last he made his way to the boss of the shop and tried to explain about his family and his business in the north. The boss was incredulous. He knew the man as a wandering tinsmith who had drifted into the town seeking work at his trade and whom he had employed.

He had proved to be a trustworthy and skilled workman, and no further inquiry had been made.

"Under a fictitious name," Dr. Osborne says in his paper, "the man had been known to his companions and had been paid. He remembered nothing of the past during his period of employment, but at last a dim recollection had come to him that fateful Sunday—his rising to go out, his promise to return soon—and then all was a blank. He had no money, although he had worked steadily in his shop and had received good wages. At the last accounts I had of him he was at Chicago, living his normal life. Somewhat mystified over his realization of the strange freak in which he figured, although feeling well and apparently in mental balance, he realized that he has been the central figure in some overstrange mental phenomenon quite mysterious enough to make him at times doubt his sanity."

Dr. Osborne's second case he speaks of thus: "A similar case occurred to a resident of another town near Philadelphia. This man, whom we shall designate as X., was a lawyer, a prominent politician—a former member of congress, I believe—a man of fine oratorical powers and of brilliant attainments."

"One day he got up from his desk, leaving his lawbooks open at the pages he had been consulting, and stepped outside for a few moments. He disappeared. In due course vigorous search was instituted, reservoirs and streams were dragged for his body on the presumption that he had committed suicide, and, in short, all the means that money and influence would put into operation were employed, but in vain. Not the slightest clew was obtained. His domestic affairs were well known to be most happy. He was abstemious in his habits and more devoted to his profession than to society. The hue and cry of premeditated flight was dispelled by the disordered state of his unlocked desk, over which were scattered papers and a mass of unfinished work. His accounts were all right, and among his papers were found uncashed checks amounting to several thousand dollars."

"After several months had passed word came through official channels that X. was in Australia and had applied to a representative of our government there to establish his identity and procure means for his transportation home. It was some time before his family were fully satisfied of his existence in that far-off country under such startling circumstances—broken in health, penniless and unable to give a definite account of how he got there."

"X. finally established his identity. His passage money was forwarded, and in due season he arrived in this country. He went direct to his former home, and after a short period for recuperation took up the practice of his profession and was, as he has continued to be up to the last information I have had of him, his former normal self. How he had disappeared he was unable to say. He knew nothing until he came to himself aboard a steamer nearing an Australian port."

"WHAT IT ALL MEANS."

Each eve she meets me at the gate. Her brow has roses on it, And for one kiss she gives me eight. (That means a summer bonnet.) Each dish that most delights my eyes The table has upon it, And "Dear, try this, and this," she cries. (That means a summer bonnet.) My slippers always are in sight. My smoking cap, I don it. She strokes my hair, "You're tired to-night." (That means a summer bonnet.) Such kind attentions! Never saw The like! Heaven's blessing on it! God bless both wife and mother-in-law. (That means a summer bonnet.) —Ethel Kerr in Home and Country.

FOR THE WEARY FEET.

Some of the Evils of Tight Shoes and How to Cure Them.

A man who has made the human foot an object of research and study declares that short stockings are very nearly as injurious as short shoes. Hose of insufficient length press the knuckles of the toes upward, and when the shoe forces them down the natural result is a painful excorescence that vulgar folks designate as a corn.

"But surely you don't consider an ill fitting stocking the cause of bunions, do you?" I inquired.

"One of them," he replied. "Corns are the result of pressure. You see, the blood is forced from the sebaceous glands; therefore an excessive or unnatural quantity of oil is thrown off. This disease the blood, and the oil forces its way to the surface of the toe. As it reaches the cuticle it evaporates, leaving the top layer hard. Layer upon layer of oil forms downward and deepens until it presses on the nerves. Corns have no roots. That idea is fallacious. But they cannot be cured until an instrument goes beneath all those layers of diseased oil and removes them. A soft corn is more easily treated and is largely the result of acid in the blood."

"After a corn has been removed find out literally where the shoe pinches, then bathe the feet in cold water every morning upon arising and rub the part with prepared chalk."

My informant added that for dry feet always use ice cold water; for moist feet inclined to perspire freely, the water as hot as the skin can stand it, and bathe just before retiring. If the feet swell after much walking, put a little vinegar in the hot water; if they ache, use a few drops of ammonia or borax.

Rest the feet often. To do this change the shoes as frequently as possible. Even from an old to a new shoe is a rest. The muscles of the foot tire of one position, no matter how easy the leather or last may be. Four or five times a day, if it is convenient, are none too often to take this trouble, and its benefits are astonishing.

Ingrowing nails are the result of the corners being cut too close, allowing the shoe to press against them. This again requires skilled treatment. The pedicure's patronage is becoming as extensive as that of the manicure, for, apart from the treatment of painful excorescences, beautifying the foot is greatly in vogue. Preparations to whiten the skin are in use, and all the art of the manicure is called upon to assist that of the pedicure. Some society women can now present as well kept feet as hand, the nails rounded and polished with equal daintiness.—New York Recorder.

The "Wandering Stones."

Near the little village of San Jose, Peru, on the shores of the great lake of Titicaca, the most lofty lake in the whole known world, are three pillars of stone of unequal height. On one of these huge blocks the rude features of a human being have been cut, and the other two are covered with designs of various kinds, all believed to have some mysterious reference to sun worship. Who the engraver of these monoliths was or at what age of the world the engraving was done is not known, but it is highly probable that it was done long before the Americas had ever been seen by any white men. The stones are so large as to preclude the idea of their having been erected by human beings, the best explanation being that they were deposited by glaciers where they stand. That the natives have some legend to this effect is proved by the fact that they call them "wandering stones."—St. Louis Republic.

Syllogistic.

Forty years since "Porte Crayon" was down on Albermarle sound and told a native that there were men with months eight inches wide. The native declared that was a fish story. Porte Crayon declared that that deduction from known facts proved this statement. "We know," he said, "that oysters must be eaten whole. We know that there are oysters eight inches across the minor dimension. Therefore there must be months eight inches wide to take them in, or the beautiful chain of harmony in the universe is broken."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Not a Secret.

He placed his hand upon his heart. "You cannot imagine," he protested, "what a terrible load I carry and yet give no sign to the world."

She turned away her head. "Believe me," she faltered, "the world knows."

A subtle something in the way she raised her handkerchief to her face impelled him to surreptitiously take another clove or two.—Detroit Tribune.

A Probable Source.

"Funny idea the ancients had, wasn't it, of giving a dead man money to take to the next world with him?" "I wonder if that was how the expression 'money to burn' originated?"—Indianapolis Journal.

John Ziska, the one eyed chief of the Hussites, ordered in his will that his skin should be tanned and made into a drum. "The noise which my skin will make," said he, "will frighten away all our enemies and put them to flight."

THE EXILES OF ENGLAND.

Their Tombs and Memorials Scattered all Over Europe.

No doubt we have driven out our own exiles as well as received the exiles of foreign states, although not in the same proportion and measure. There are tombs of Stuarts in Italy, and there is a church in Rome where have rested for centuries the remains of the greatest Irish rebel who ever stood up against the English crown. But the ashes of any Stuart would be welcome to a resting place here if it were so desired, and if the plot of earth which holds the body of the gallant Tyrone were to be incorporated with the soil of any English cemetery no Englishman would make objection, and indeed we fear that very few Englishmen would know who the Earl of Tyrone was. There is some satisfaction in thinking that an Englishman traveling in foreign countries finds little of mute reproach in the graven names of exiles on tombstones. The bearing home in triumph of some banished man's coffin is often the crown of a political party's endeavor. Sometimes, too, the refusal to allow of the bringing home makes a man and a party popular. We can most of us remember well how the father of the late President Carnot became in a moment a popular idol out of comparative obscurity because he sternly refused to allow the remains of his own father to be brought back to France from a grave in Magdeburg.

It was in the zenith of the second empire, and Napoleon III thought he could do a popular thing, and indeed perhaps sincerely felt the desire to be generous, when he offered to the Carnot family to restore in triumph to France the coffin of the organizer of victory. Carnot, the son, sternly refused to accept the invitation. His father, he said, had given his genius and his life to the service of the French republic. His body should never rest in a land which was governed by imperial despotism. Perhaps the late President Carnot might never have been the chief magistrate of a French republic if his father had not thus peremptorily and publicly rejected the offer of Napoleon III. Time came round, and the empire is gone, and the Carnot tradition had its revenge. Napoleon III, to do him justice, was not ungenerous in his dealing with political opponents, at all events with political opponents whom he thought no longer able to work him harm. It is not easy, however, to make safe calculation in that way. The man in the coffin is sometimes able to work more harm to the ruling system than the orator in the political tribune.—London Telegraph.

DANGEROUS RULES OF ETIQUETTE.

Treating in New Mexico Is Fraught With Many Difficulties.

The man from New Mexico and his friend stood against the bar in one of the palatial saloons of Chicago. The dispenser put out four glasses.

"Where's your beeswax?" asked the New Mexico visitor.

"I'm not on," responded the dispenser.

"Never tend bar in New Mexico?" The dispenser said he had never had the pleasure.

"Pleasure nothing. 'Tain't no pleasure, I'm tellin' you. It's much as a man's life is worth. But I see you don't save about the beeswax. Well, I'll tell you how they drink in New Mexico. There's only one thing to drink, that's whisky—liquor, see? The bartender sets up one glass. He ain't got no whole lot of glasses like you. He just sets up one big glass. Then he takes out his beeswax, and he marks the glass for as many drinks as there are drinkers in the party. Say there's three. He puts two beeswax marks on the glass about so far apart. Then he fills the glass with liquor to the rim of the glass. The first man in the party drinks down to the first beeswax mark, and then he passes the glass to the next man, and he drinks down to the second beeswax mark, and the third man drinks to the bottom of the glass. It ain't safe for a man to go below his beeswax mark. A man in New Mexico who'd do that wouldn't live long enough to send his wife a dy-in request. A New Mexico man might rob a stagecoach, but he wouldn't drink below his beeswax mark. Got any water?"

"Oh, yes. Plenty of water." "Well, set 'er up. And if there's anything extra for it I'll pay the cost. Say, this is the all fredest town I was ever in. The idea of settin' up four glasses for two men to drink outen. I reckon there ain't another town on earth where such extravagance is seed."—Chicago Herald.

Simple Explanation of Grip. Medical writers make it clear why grip is so fatal. They tell of hemorrhagic and pyemic results, with purulent and gangrenous inflammation of the lung tissues and frequent metastasis to other organs. One case of hemorrhages and hematomas in the muscular tissue, parenchymatous bleedings and bleedings by diapedesis, pachymeningitis hemorrhagica interna, is mentioned. In many cases there is hyperemia of the pia; also meningeal infiltration and suppurative meningitis and hemorrhage into the lateral ventricle and very frequently lobar pneumonia.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

What He Was.

When first we were at Abington, writes W. R. le Fanu in his reminiscences of Irish life, a peasant girl came two or three times to the rectory with a hare and other game for sale. My father, wishing to ascertain whether she came by them honestly, asked her where she got them. "Sure, your riverine," said she, "my father is poacher to Lord Clare."

A Financial Comp.

"You don't mean to say that you lent Stickles your umbrella?" "Yes. And it was economy to do it. It saves me the 25 cents a day he used to borrow."—Washington Star.

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Coffee, 20c. and 25c. per pound.

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and \$3.00 per barrel.

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Good Reisling, 50c. 60c. and 75c.

Port Wine, 65c. \$1 and \$1.50 gal.

Angelica, 75c. \$1 and \$1.50 gal.

Sherry, 65c. \$1, \$1.50 and \$2.50 gal.

Short Horn Whisky, \$2.50 gal.

Irish Whisky, \$2.50 per gal.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1894.

Order of the Forty Hours' Devotion.

In the Churches and Chapels in the Diocese of San Francisco, for the month of November.
Nov. 4th—Twenty-fifth Sunday after Pentecost.
St. Mary's, Oakland.

CALENDAR

For the Week Ending Saturday, November 10th

PATRON OF THE UNITED STATES
Mary Immaculate, pray for us.

Nov. 4, Sunday—25th after Pentecost—St. Charles Borromeo, Bp. (1584.)

Nov. 5, Monday—Bl. Martin of Porres (O. P., South America, 1639.) Sts. Zachary and Elizabeth.

Nov. 6, Tuesday—St. Leonard, Hermit, (575.)

Nov. 7, Wednesday—St. Florence, Bp. (Strasbourg, 693.)

Nov. 8, Thursday—Four Brothers Crowned—St. Godfrey, Bp. (1115.)

Nov. 9, Friday—Our Savior's Basilica—St. Theodore, M. (304.)

Nov. 10, Saturday—St. Andrew Avellino (Theatine, 1608.)

To Catholic Voters.

Before our next issue the election will be over. Since the days of Know-nothingism, it is safe to say, a graver issue has not had to be decided. A secret oath-bound society, by every underhand means, is striving to destroy a fundamental principle of the constitution of the United States. Liberty of conscience is the birth-right of every American citizen. This secret society professes to ostracize Roman Catholics, to prevent them holding state or federal offices, and even to prevent them obtaining employment among their fellow citizens. In face of such treasonable and anti-American action, in the patriotic courageous words of the Republican Bee of Sacramento: "The tariff is of no more concern than the price of old paper, and the question of free coinage of silver cuts about as much a figure as the loss of George Gould to the citizenship." Following the same irresistible logic, the Bee in a later number "calls upon loyal Republicans who hold the sacred rights of American citizenship above all petty considerations of party issues, to stand solidly together to vote against each and every Republican candidate who has degraded his citizenship and lowered his manhood, and spat upon the glorious record of his party by affiliation with this band of midnight conspirators." To preserve the constitution, and if need be to die for its preservation, is the conscientious bounden duty of every patriotic American.

First, let Catholics remember that as a body they owe allegiance to no party. The Catholic Church recognizes no political party. With consummate wisdom and prudence our laity and clergy have persistently declined to form a Catholic

political party in the United States,

Second, let Catholics throw off the thralldom of each and every "Boss", individually exercise their liberty of action, and with a conscientious sense of duty cast a vote for those who are known to favor liberty of conscience.

Third, let no Catholic voter absent himself from the polls, whatever inconvenience may be caused by going there. Abstinence would, under present circumstances, be a political crime. Delay not, but vote as early in the day as you can.

Fourth, let every Catholic remember that the vote is a privilege of citizenship. To sell it for cash, or for drinks, or for promised favors, would be in itself infamous at all times, and doubly so now in the face of the machinations of those enemies of American liberty.

The Month of the Holy Souls.

November, opening with its feasts of All Saints and of All Souls, reminds us of the Communion of Saints, and of those suffering souls who not having fully paid the debt of temporal punishment due to sin, or who died with the stain of unrepented venial sin on them, are now in Purgatory enduring without a moment's respite, tortures unutterable. This is a state of unbounded helplessness. They cannot do penance; they cannot merit; they cannot satisfy; they cannot gain indulgences; they have no sacraments. In the words of Job they cry: "Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me." All there, are our brethren; some there, are our dearest relations and companions in life. Conscience may upbraid us for having caused their present affliction.

Holy Faith teaches that the Souls in Purgatory are helped by the suffrages of the faithful "but chiefly by the acceptable Sacrifice of the Altar. Have Mass then offered for these Prisoners of our great King. Receive Holy Communion and pray for them. In their name make almsgivings and do good works.

Remember in the language of the Maccabees. "It is a holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from their sins." To us personally it is specially advantageous. For these Holy Sufferers will be our advocates in heaven. Meanwhile the sight of their suffering will give us a horror of sin, will urge us to habitual penance, will make us look steadily at our last end, and will, above all, make us zealous for God's glory.

Talk about the Y. M. I. in politics—why they are not in it with the Y. P. S. C. Etc. over the bay. That body of young persons with the voluminous initials, from the beardless adolescent with the down just sprouting, to his sisters, and his cousins and his aunts, has gone and endorsed, and published a ticket, that they want their friends to vote for on Tuesday. Even the petticoated members are shouting for it, and when its personnel is looked into, three-fourths of

this ticket is found to be composed of members of the A. P. A. Now, good young people, come around after election day, and we will print mourning borders on the political cards of those endorsed by you, free of charge. This humbuggery might as well be nipped in the bud as not.

That Joseph P. Kelly, democratic nominee for Congress in the fifth district, has been deeply wronged by the unjust and unsupported charges lately brought against him, is evidenced by his manly letter published in another column. An endorsement of Mr. Kelly comes to us from a source which admits of no doubt. What reason the Examiner had for its strange course, we know not, but Mr. Kelly is entitled to a vindication at the polls, especially from those who have known him from boyhood, and in the midst of whom he has grown up from boyhood to manhood with a hitherto untarnished reputation.

With a courage worthy of all who uphold christian marriage, the Rev. Mr. Ritchie of the advanced ritualistic church of St. Ignatius, New York, proclaims that people who get divorces and marry again are adulterers, and ought to be punished with exclusion from the communion of the church. Let the clergy of all Protestant denominations be as outspoken in the cause of christian truth. History witnesses that laxity in the marriage bond has been the inviolable concomitant of the stages of decay and the decadence of nations.

Ireland's hopes are once more in the ascendant. Lord Roseberry, the Prime Minister of England, has thrown himself into the rising current of radicalism and has pledged himself to reform the House of Lords. "The veto of an irresponsible chamber" has thwarted and rendered nugatory all Gladstone's land reforms. The hand writing is on the wall. The Democracy will crush the Aristocracy and Ireland will be free from the center to the sea.

In the Silence.

[WRITTEN FOR CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC.]

Upon the margin of a purling brook,
At twilight time I lingered long,
When willows sigh their pensive song,
And birds make music from the leafy nook.

The twilight crept along the vale and soon

The darkening shadows of the night,
Bespangled with the star gleams bright

Came forth—the fair precursors of the moon.

The brooklets purr was sad and low,
As smothered tones of deep-set woe.The evening wind careered along
The trees, and left a burst of song,
As welcome and as rapturous then
As sympathy to soul-sick men.Ah! nature in her varied mood
Is sweeter far in solitude.There is a restful stillness, sweet, serene,
That stirs the heart with deep delight,A peacefulness that knows no blight,
A calm, a silence from above, I ween,
Ah! that I could uncoil the chords of life.Here in a vale unknown to man,
Here linger my allotted span,
Unknown to grief, to agony and strife.

JOSEPH NOONAN.

Los Angeles, Cal.

ENDING OF AN EPOCH.

This Is What the Death of the Prince of American English Essayists Means.

With the death of Oliver Wendell Holmes America comes to the end of its first epoch in distinctive native poetry. With Emerson, Bryant, Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier, in particular, and Whitman also if one wishes to be truly catholic—the genial ripened soul that has now been garnered unto rest constitutes the galaxy of singers whose names for all time will crown the first century of the letters of this young republic.

It is not, however, as a poet of the first magnitude that the three generations of American readers who were his contemporaries will chiefly honor Oliver Wendell Holmes. As essayist and philosopher rather than poet or novelist his memory will be the most widely and most tenderly cherished by his survivors and transmitted to the generations that are to be. He had in a degree rarely given to man the faculty of making the reader of his quaint philosophy and kindly cheer his friend and lifelong grateful beneficiary.

He was the prince of American English essayists. He had the sense and insight of William Hazlitt, the grace and sympathy of Leigh Hunt, the strength and quaintness of William Cobbett and at will and upon occasion the polished diction of Macaulay. It is a proof of the virility of Oliver Wendell Holmes' genius that he has left in the field of English prose that he trod a crop of imitators and disciples. Would that his school of writers might have inherited the mantle of their preceptor, might have derived something of the profoundness, the geniality and the cheeriness of Oliver Wendell Holmes.—New York Telegram.

GAMBLING IN ENGLAND.

A London Journal Says That Everybody Is Panting For the Unearned Increment.

Private roulette tables have become common in cultivated society and are openly sold by fashionable furniture dealers. Both sexes assiduously cultivate the "bucket shop," sometimes making money, but in too many instances making fearfully wry faces when they find that they have to settle up their little differences with their outside brokers. The "play" has become emphatically "the thing," although in a sense far different from that intended by the Prince of Denmark.

Substantial business men find it irksome to make a railway journey of an hour and a quarter without producing a pack of cards and getting up a nice, quiet game of whist, and it can scarcely be said that in this year of grace 1894 there is a single section of society outside the strictly religious classes that is not in some form or another addicted to gambling. The incitements thereto, goodness knows, are numerous and exciting enough, from gold mines in the mountains of the moon to tickets in the German lotteries.

Everybody is panting for the unearned increment. Everybody yearns to eat, drink and be merry, to wear fine clothes and to sparkle with jewels, to be bought with money for which no work has been done. There is gambling in the highest and gambling in the lowest of our conches sociales.—London Telegraph.

A STINGING REBUKE.

Americans in London Enjoy the Roasting Given the Antilynching Society.

No utterance of the London Times for a long time has been so much enjoyed by Americans in London as that paper's stinging rebuke to English antilynching busybodies, says a correspondent. It is peculiarly appropriate that the governor of Alabama's reply to the letter of the English Antilynching society should appear in the same newspaper with the report made to the British government by Sir Robert Hamilton of his investigation into the pitiable hardships of the inhabitants of the British island of Dominica, in the West Indies. The forms of oppression inflicted by the British colonial government there are almost incredible.

The people of the island are impoverished at best and barely able to keep soul and body together, but in lieu of the payment of taxes the authorities compel men, women and children to work at roadbuilding. No exceptions are made, and this leads Sir Robert mildly to recommend to the British government that women who are about to become mothers should not be forced to work upon the roads. Three examples of women being delivered within a few hours of doing their contribution to the road tax are given. When the revenues of the island admit, says the royal commissioner, women should be relieved of contributing to this tax either in money or labor.

The Count and His Trout.

The Germans are laughing at an incident concerning Count Kanitz, one of the leaders of the agriculturists whose opposition to the government was so strongly rebuked by the emperor visited other day. When the emperor visited Konigsberg, Kanitz, who counted on obtaining an invitation to the imperial banquet, requested to be allowed to furnish the trout. The offer was accepted, and the count sent 420 trout. Then he received a dispatch saying that his name had been struck off the list. The count telegraphed to Konigsberg to stop the fish, but the supply had already been sent, and all the guests at the banquet greatly enjoyed them. The emperor, when afterward informed, laughed heartily over the incident.—Berlin Letter.

She Could Not Resist.

Miss Nora Welton, the assistant in the postoffice at Argenta, Mason county, is charged by postoffice detectives with opening letters addressed to a young man. Miss Welton has made a full confession. She was in love with the young man, and as he was writing to a rival she read the letters, delaying the missives until investigation followed.—Decatur (Ill.) Dispatch.

DEAR, DEAR, DEAR!

Horrible News From the Orient Received Through a 3 1-2 Inch Cable.

The retreat of the Chinese army from Korea without having made any great show of resistance has set all the military men guessing. No one can tell why the emperor should allow the seat of war to be transferred to his own domain. It will be seen at a glance that for the purpose of fighting Korea is far better than the Chinese frontier. In the face of all this and for no apparent reason the troops of the emperor have been withdrawn, and the Japanese have been allowed to mass their armies on the peninsula which composes Korea.

If a story which came out today is true, all the slighting things said of the Celestials and their leaders will have to be withdrawn. What is apparently the most flagrant piece of military mismanagement may be a stroke of genius which will set the achievements of all the great tacticians of history far into the background.

The plot, as declared by several minor officials, is in substance as follows: All the troops, agents and sympathizers of the Chinese are to be withdrawn from the peninsula of Korea. This is an invitation for the Japanese to greatly augment their armies upon the peninsula preparatory to a bold march into China. So far the plan has worked to perfection. And now there only remains the greatest coup ever attempted in any age. The plan is to cut a deep trench entirely across the isthmus connecting Korea to the mainland of Asia and of the Chinese empire. The structure of the point of land is a heavy layer of shale, resting upon bedrock. At every point where the Chinese army of occupation has camped, it is alleged, holes have been drilled, and immense quantities of lubricating oils have been forced down upon the surface of the bedrock. As the various divisions have slowly retreated apparently before the oncoming Japanese, these operations have been continued. The next move will be the last, according to the informers.

As soon as the Japanese are massed upon the peninsula the function of the trench will be made evident. It will be cut down to bedrock, and a large quantity of dry timber will be tightly wedged in. Above that at a little height iron bars will be placed. The timber idea is one borrowed from the Egyptians in their operations by which the obelisks were cut out in single immense blocks. Water will be poured in, and the timber will swell, exerting a powerful pressure. Then, by means of dynamite, appliances the iron bars or blocks will be quickly heated to a high temperature and thereby expand, adding greatly to the force which the swelling timber will be putting forth. Last of all, the entire Chinese army will be set to work in the trench, which will be hundreds of miles long. Each man will be armed with a powerful hydraulic jack, which he will operate when the iron and wood are getting in their best work.

The bedrock slopes seaward, and the result may be better imagined than described. The shale, having been thoroughly lubricated, will slip with comparative ease on the smooth surface of the rock, so think the Chinese engineers. Thus, when the millions of tons of pressure is brought to bear, the entire peninsula is expected to start slowly on its foundations. Then, as the great mass gathers headway like a launching ship, it will increase its speed and finally dash into the Japan sea.

Instant and complete destruction will fall upon the armies of the mikado as well as upon every man, woman and child in Korea. Nothing in the way of annihilation can compare with this except perhaps the fate of Pharaoh's army in the Red sea.

The immediate effect upon the Japan sea can scarcely be imagined. The Chinese warships will have been withdrawn to some safe haven, and the total destruction of nearly all of Japan's navy is assured.

The tidal wave is expected to almost wipe out the Japan islands. The waters will probably pour over the islands and sweep them of every vestige of animal and vegetable life.

This may sound like the dream of an insane man, and in order to carry weight with it your correspondent had the affidavits of his informants duly prepared. Unfortunately, however, the Chinese notaries have a seal nearly four inches in diameter, so when an attempt was made to cable the affidavits they stuck, as the cable is only 3 1/4 inches through.—Loo-Jac Special to Cleveland Plain Dealer.

French Detectives on Bicycles.

The precautions which have been taken for the protection of the president of the French republic have in no way been relaxed. The police bicycle corps is now used for this service whenever the president drives about Paris. On his return to the city from his country home several detectives on bicycles accompanied the carriage, surrounding it on all sides. The French police are also making practical use of detective cameras. They shadowed two suspicious characters who were selling securities to money changers in Paris, and on the way to their lodgings the detectives succeeded in getting a good snap shot at them. They took the plate to headquarters, found that the photographs corresponded to those of two expert swindlers and returned and arrested them. They had a large amount of stolen booty, which they have been gradually turning into cash.—Paris Letter.

Imperial Federation Agitation.

Some of the leading members of the defunct Imperial Federation league are preparing for the active propaganda of its principles, but on different lines. It is proposed to divide London and other large cities into small areas, in each of which lecturers shall labor regularly, taking imperial unity as their text. The new programme is not so ambitious as the old one, but is not likely to prove more successful, the masses being still suspicious that imperial federationism is merely Toryism in disguise.

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Get twenty yearly subscribers, send \$20 to the office, retaining \$10 commission.

Get forty yearly subscribers, send \$40 to the office, retaining \$20 commission.

Get fifty subscribers, send \$50 to the office, retaining \$25 commission.

Get one hundred subscribers, send \$100 to the office, retaining \$50 commission.

Any person sending a list of five yearly subscribers will be entitled to the commission on subsequent names sent, at the same rate. The first list from any person must consist of not less than five subscribers.

Lists of subscribers received under this offer must be new ones; that is, not composed of any who have already ordered the paper.

Make all money or express orders payable to Henry I. Fisher.

Receipts will be sent subscribers from this office, showing the date of expiration of subscriptions.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Imposing Celebration at the French Church.

MARYSVILLE FAIR ENDED.

Illness of Father Sullivan at Alameda—Entertainment at Notre Dame;

Our readers will find in the following columns a resume of all the important events of the past few days.

Notre Dame des Victoires.

The feast of Our Lady of Victories was solemnly celebrated in the French church on last Sunday. The decorations were tasteful and appropriate. The high altar and sanctuary were adorned with white chrysanthemums, with just a tinge here and there of pink. The shrine of Notre Dame des Victoires, resplendent with lights and flowers, displayed numerous ex-votos, presented by grateful hearts in remembrance of graces obtained.

At 10:30 o'clock solemn high mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Audifred, S. M., the pastor, Rev. Father Rousselon, acting as master of ceremonies, and having under his direction some fifty little boys, whose respectful and exemplary conduct was commented upon by all present. Cimarosa's military mass was rendered under the direction of Prof. Martinez, by the following singers: Sopranos, Misses Helen Heffron and H. V. Dick-ey; contraltos, Misses Irene Mull and Mary Thompson; tenors, Messrs E. Sory and J. Lane; basses, N. Klepper and J. McAuliffe. The sermon, by Rev. Father Gentes, S. M., was a masterly and eloquent discourse on the feast of the day. The Reverend Father took for his text these words of the gospel: "Victoria est tua, Domine," and proceeded to show how God has been pleased not to surrender his power, but to manifest it through his mother. In the Sacred Scriptures Mary appears again and again, under the most pleasing images; she is the closed garden, the guiding star, the mystical rose, the fountain of living water; she is figured by Eve, Rebecca, Sarah, Esther and other famous women of the old testament, while in the new the name of Mary appears side by side with that of the Divine Son.

The speaker dwelt with particular enthusiasm upon the devotion to the Blessed Virgin; related how, humble in the days of the Catacombs and persecutions, it came forth in all its beauty under Constantine; how it triumphed over the Nestorian heresy when in 481 the Council of Ephesus vindicated Mary's honor and proclaimed her to be truly the mother of God. Faith and confidence in the Blessed Virgin now redoubled; cities, nations were consecrated to her, chapels were everywhere erected in her name; harmony lent its sweetest strains, poetry its sublimest illustrations, nature her most beautiful flowers, the arts their grandest achievements to do her honor.

The Ave Maria begins the Divine Office; an anthem to Mary closes it; her name is in the symbol of our Faith and in the Canon of the Mass, the Angelus morning, noon and evening, recalls her to our mind and bids us salute her. The reverend speaker, with laudable patriotism, recalled the grand festivals, illuminations, processions, etc., held throughout France at the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, and felt convinced that this, Mary's Kingdom, would again merit the honor of the title it bore so long, that France would return to her religion and to her God. He concluded by proving that the devotion to the Blessed Virgin is a universal one; it is the devotion of the child, of the young man, of married people, of soldiers, of sailors, of the sick and of the aged, and that, whatever our condition, we should have recourse to Mary, we should ask her assistance in the battle of life that we may share with her in heaven her crown of victory.

In the evening at 7:30 o'clock there was Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The singing was by the choir of the young ladies of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin.

This sodality, under the direction of Rev. Father Gentes, is a most flourishing one; not the least among its features is the singing of French hymns and canticles, the most beautiful, perhaps, in any language. The young

ladies were greatly aided in this by the zeal of their director, who sent to France for numerous collections of this music, and who now feels amply repaid for his trouble by the artistic manner in which the canticles are rendered.

Star of the Sea.

The fair in aid of Father Coyle's church was successful beyond all expectation, and the result will be a great big hole in the church debt. It was made interesting every night, and Father Coyle's popularity only added to the interest.

M. O'Dea won the beautiful sword that was offered for the most popular captain of the League of the Cross Cadets.

Miss Kittie Hall, a charming young lady, won a handsome chair, being voted the prettiest and most popular worker of the fair.

In the shrill contest, Richard I. Whelan defeated W. J. Ruddick for the most popular candidate for sheriff. The following young ladies deserve a great deal of praise for the untiring assistance they offered in making the fair a success.

St. Joseph's Booth.—Mrs. Ellen Frost, Miss Kate Tigh, Mrs. Green and assistants.

St. Gertrude's Booth.—Mrs. J. Owens, Miss Addie Henderson and assistants.

Star of the Sea.—Mesdames Cassidy, Kenny, Hannon and assistants.

St. Vincent's.—Mesdames J. C. Roberts, Dixon, Misses Hall, Coyle, McGuire and Humphrey.

Sacred Heart.—Mrs. T. Howard and assistants.

St. Anthony's.—Mesdames T. J. Glinn, J. Maloney and assistants.

St. Cecilia's.—Mesdames O'Brien, McCarthy and assistants.

Refreshments.—Mesdames Connors, Stafford and O'Brien.

Soda Stand.—Misses A. Manning, Nellie Martin and assistants.

The fair, both socially and financially, was a grand success.

Los Gatos.

Brother Anthony Ciotti, S. J., died on Tuesday at the Jesuit novitiate, near Los Gatos, where he had gone from Santa Clara College for his health a few months ago.

The deceased was born in Rome in April, 1815. In his twenty-ninth year he joined the Jesuit order as a lay brother, and afterwards he was sent to help in the missions in the United States, spending several years among the Pottawatomie Indians.

In his youth he had learned the trade of cabinet-maker and his work was a marvel of artistic skill. When he went among the Indians he exercised his skill in providing altars and shrines, which he carved out of the timber felled in the forests. After having communicated some of his skill and knowledge to the Indians he started across the plains in 1859, and arrived at Santa Clara College, where he labored until 1888. In that year the Jesuit novitiate was built on the hills overlooking Los Gatos, and Brother Ciotti, then in his seventy-seventh year, was called upon to superintend the construction and ornamentation of the chapel and shrines.

After the completion of the structure he returned to Santa Clara College and kept at work until the failure of sight and general debility warned him of his approaching end. He then retired to the Jesuit novitiate, where he ended his days. The remains of the deceased were interred in the Catholic cemetery at Santa Clara.

Red Bluff.

The attendance at the fair has been very gratifying to the ladies in charge, and each evening has attracted a large number of people. Every denier that ingenuity can suggest has been made use of, and the proceeds will undoubtedly be quite large. Dancing was a special feature of each evening.

The booths were in charge of the following ladies:

Fish Pond.—Mrs. E. L. Bidwell.

Refreshment Booth.—Mesdames A. H. Hoffmann, A. Steiff, W. L. Scott, J. Reardon, C. Gerst, M. Brady, A. S. Cremer, C. Brady, Fagan, and A. M. Hutchinson.

Fancy Booth, No. 1.—Misses Belle Miller, Mollie Walton, Ella Sweeney, Mamie Brady, Nora Daily and Katie Kelly.

Fancy Booth, No. 2.—Mesdames M. Corrigan, M. Ward, C. O. Pendleton, and Misses Annie Corrigan, Gertrude Kraft, Lizzie Quinn, Dora Janker and Florence Koppler.

Fancy Booth, No. 3.—Mesdames B. W. Bidwell, H. Kraft, A. Walton, A.

Lingscheid, J. W. Boyd, E. L. Bidwell, F. Cosgrove, and Misses Annie Corrigan, Nettie Kraft and Adelaide Hook. Flower Stand.—Misses Mary and Dora DeShields.

Alameda.

Rev. Father Sullivan was taken with a severe hemorrhage on Friday of last week, and has since then been confined to his bed. The latest reports from him indicate an improvement in his condition. Father Sullivan is not very robust, and the work of superintending the building of the new church overtaxed his strength. During his illness Rev. Father Byrne, of St. Mary's Cathedral, was in charge of the parish.

Owing to his illness the date of the holding the fair has been postponed. It will commence about the first of December.

A rumor was current last night to the effect that owing to the condition of Father Sullivan's lungs, he would, by the advice of his physician be compelled to seek a dryer climate. Whether the change will be temporary or permanent is not yet known but every Catholic in Alameda would extremely regret the loss of Father Sullivan, who has endeared himself to all. Earnest prayers will be offered for his recovery, and all trust that he will be left in charge of the parish that he has labored so assiduously to build up.

Marysville.

The recent fair in aid of St. Joseph's church and Notre Dame convent held last month was successful beyond all expectations of the parishioners. The amount realized was \$3,724.10. At high mass last Sunday Father Coleman returned thanks to all who assisted in the fair and read the detailed report of the receipts and expenditures.

Father Coleman contemplates repairing the floor of St. Joseph's church and refitting the basement so that a heater may be placed therein in winter for the accommodation of the farmers and their families who oftentimes travel long dist. needs to attend services. Registers will be placed in the church floor and the entire building be made more comfortable.

The city and county taxes for church and convent will make the first inroad on the proceeds of the fair.

St. Joseph's.

Rev. Brother Albert, formerly principal of the school has been transferred to the new college of the Brothers of Mary at San Antonio, Texas. Brother George Sawyer has succeeded him.

To-morrow will be the regular Communion day for members of the young men's sodality.

San Jose.

The quarterly award of medals at the College Notre Dame took place on the 24th ult. In honor of the event, a special program was rendered. As usual, it was excellently carried out, and reflected great credit on the Sisters of Notre Dame.

Here and There.

The convent school at Yuma has been closed on account of lack of attendance. Two Sisters were in charge and their income for one month was only \$7. It will be reopened if the Sisters are guaranteed \$40 a month.

The C. L. A. S. of San Luis Obispo, will give a social to-night.

The new bell for the Catholic church at Sonoma is said to have cost \$1,000, and can be heard a distance of twelve miles.

On Monday evening next a social will be given by the members of Borromeo Council, No. 129. Y. M. I., at their hall, 2131 Mission street, in honor of their newly elected officers.

His Record Speaks.

The importance of the office of Assessor of the city and county of San Francisco can scarcely be overestimated, and this community cannot afford to take any chances in unknown quantities or try experiments. It is a fortunate circumstance that the present incumbent John D. Siebe, who, there is not the slightest doubt will succeed himself, will continue in the Assessor's office that same strict adherence to duty, efficiency and thorough business methods that have distinguished him during the present term.

See that you vote for Siebe for the office of Assessor.

TO HELP THE BROTHERS.

Assistance Towards Rebuilding St. Mary's College.

A meeting of the Alumni of St. Mary's College was held on Sunday afternoon at the old building on the Mission road. There were present graduates representing the classes of twenty-one years, and a large proportion of the two hundred graduates of the college were present. Before the meeting was called to order, the college band and a number of the pupils entertained the visitors with music.

Rev. C. E. O'Neile, of St. Joseph's, advocated an assessment on the Alumni, and also suggested the holding of an entertainment at the Grand Opera House. Others advocated an assessment of \$5 per month for one year, which would raise \$12,000. Both propositions were favorably entertained, and steps will at once be taken to carry out the ideas. The entertainment will be the first undertaken.

Alameda Politics.

The most prominent A. P. A. members of the Republican county ticket, Jordan for county clerk, and Barker for tax-collector, are beginning to feel the knife in their vital parts. Others who have expressed a belief in that organization, like Ogden for superior judge, Talcote for supervisor in the second district, and others are wondering how hard they are going to be hit on Tuesday. Voters in each district should take pains to inform themselves as to the standing in A. P. A. circles of the men of each party.

John E. Geary, the Democratic nominee for coroner, has been making a splendid campaign, and will no doubt be elected.

General Jack Hays, the Democratic candidate for assessor, has been studying the peculiar tactics of the present incumbent in relation to the assessment of corporations. Voters are alive to the injustice that has been done them heretofore, and in returning Mr. Hays as their choice for assessor are doing themselves a benefit. He is clean and square on all questions.

We have said so much heretofore in favor of Cy Brown for supervisor in the second district, that anything more is superfluous almost. Mr. Brown has made a thorough campaign, has declared himself in favor of the masses in all things, and when elected will do all in his power to break up the road ring which has heretofore dominated the work of the district he seeks to represent.

Charles S. Tilton.

It is to be hoped Mr. Tilton will be elected to the position he formerly filled that of City and County Surveyor. During his incumbency he performed very much more work than ever fell to his department before and performed it faithfully and well. It is pleasing to record that no criticism has ever attached to the office during his connection. Indeed it could not be otherwise, for he is regarded as one of the most eminent men in his profession in this State, and not alone that, but he is a man of very high principle, and hence public work receives from him the self-same care and attention that any private contract would. His election is certain, and with him in office that department will certainly be conducted in a manner to satisfy even the most exacting, just as it was during his previous incumbency.

For District Attorney.

The selection of John T. Greany by the late Democratic convention as its nominee for district attorney, is one that we would like to call our readers special attention to. Mr. Greany is a young man, a native son, and a careful and conscientious lawyer, and would if elected bring to the discharge of the duties of that office a grave sense of the responsibility of the position, besides a thoroughly trained legal mind. On all the grave questions of the day Mr. Greany has taken a determined stand and can be relied upon to do his whole duty as elected.

PREMIUM PORTRAIT COUPON.

This Coupon when accompanied by \$1.00 entitles the holder to a large sample

CRAYON PORTRAIT

Size, 7x14 inches. Taken from any photograph or tin-type, and

Three Month's Subscription to the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC. Be particular to write name and address plainly to insure prompt delivery.

SAN FRANCISCO MARKETS.

Grain, Etc.
WHEAT—Milling, \$2.40@2.50 c; shipping grades, 77¢@78¢ c.
BARLEY—Feed, 75¢@76¢ c; new brewing, 80¢@81¢ c; choice Chevalier, \$1.47@1.50 c.
OATS—Old crop—Old, 55¢@56¢ c; new, 57¢@58¢ c; good to choice, 55¢@56¢ c; fancy, \$1.00@1.10 c; surprise, \$1.10@1.15 c; milling, \$1.10@1.15 c; gray, 90¢@91¢ c.
CORN—Large yellow, \$1.17@1.20 c; small do, \$1.20@1.25 c; white, \$1.27@1.30 c.
BEANS—Peas, \$2.50@2.70 c; pink, \$1.45@1.55 c; bayo, \$1.75@1.90 c; small white, \$2.50@2.65 c; large do, \$2.40@2.50 c; butter, \$1.70@1.80 c; Lima, \$1.00@1.05 c; red, \$2.00 c.
PEAS—Rape, 13¢@14¢ c; hemp, 20¢ c; canary, 14¢@15¢ c; do imported, do California, nominal; flaxseed, 30¢@31¢ c; alfalfa, 10¢ for Utah; mustard, 25¢@26¢ c; for yellow and 24¢ for brown.
HAY—Wheat, \$8.00@12.50 c; ton; wheat and oats, 60¢@65¢ c; stock, \$5.00@5.50 c; alfalfa, \$7.00@7.50 c; timothy, \$6.00@6.50 c; clover, \$9.00@11.00 c; cut, \$7.00@11.00 c; compressed, \$7.00@11.00 c.
STRAW—No. 1, 10¢ c; No. 2, 8¢ c; No. 3, 6¢ c.
HOPS—Nominally 3¢@4¢ c; for '03 and 6¢@8¢ c; for '04.
BUCKWHEAT—Nominal.
RICE—New, 57¢@58¢ c; c. d.
DRIED PEAS—Nominal.
MILL PRODUCTS.
FLOUR—Family extra, \$3.25@3.35 c; bbl; bakers' extra, \$3.15@3.25 c; superfine, \$2.40@2.50 c.
BRAN—From \$13.50@14.00 c; ton for home product.
MIDDLINGS—From \$16.00@18.00 c; ton.
GRAIN—From \$18.00@19.00 c; ton.
FEED CORNMEAL—From \$27.00@27.50 c; ton.
CRACKED CORN—From \$27.50@28.00 c; ton.
OILCAKE MEAL—\$35.00 c; ton from mill; jobbing at \$37.50 c.
COTTON SEED MEAL—\$30.00 c; ton.
Various—Cash prices for 10-lb. sds: Cracked Wheat, 34¢ c; Rye Flour, 34¢ c; Rye Meal, 30¢ c; Buckwheat Flour, 50¢ c; Oatmeal, 44¢@45¢ c; Oat Groats, 30¢ c; Hominy, 44¢@45¢ c; Rice Flour, 75¢ c; Farina, 44¢ c; Pearl Barley, 44¢@45¢ c; Split Peas, 54¢@55¢ c; Rolled Oats, 50¢ c; Buckwheat Groats, 54¢ c; Graham Flour, 30¢ c.

Vegetables.
Onions—Yellow, 50¢@55¢ c; c. d. in sds for Early Rose, 55¢@56¢ c; for river Burbanks and 55¢ c; for Salinas Burbanks; Sweet, 75¢@81¢ c.
Various—Lima Beans, 34¢@35¢ c; String Beans, 34¢@35¢ c; Green Peppers, 35¢@36¢ c; Cucumbers, 35¢@40¢ c; do for pickling, \$1.00@1.50 c; 100 lbs for No. 1, and 55¢@56¢ c for No. 2; Summer Squash, 25¢@30¢ c; Tomatoes, 15¢@20¢ c; for large bxs; Green Corn, 35¢@40¢ c; for common; do bay, 75¢@81¢ c; crate and 40¢@50¢ c for bxs; Green Okra, 35¢@40¢ c; Egg Plant, 25¢@30¢ c; Cauliflower, 75¢@80¢ c; Cabbage, 50¢@55¢ c; c. d. Beans, 40¢ c; s; Turnips, 60¢ c; Carrots, 40¢ c; Green Peas, 10¢@15¢ c; c. d.

Fruits and Nuts.
FRESH FRUITS—Strawberries, \$3.00@5.00 c; chest. Blackberries, \$3.00@5.00 c; Raspberries, \$3.00@5.00 c; Huckleberries, 40¢ c; c. d.
Grapes—Muscat, 25¢@30¢ c; b; Rose of Peru, 30¢@40¢ c; fancy in crates, 50¢ c; Black Hamburg and Malvoisie, 25¢@30¢ c; Tokay, 50¢@55¢ c.
Apples—40¢@50¢ c; b; plums, 35¢@50¢ c; b; prunes, 40¢@50¢ c; b; Bartlett pears, 75¢@81¢ c; b; peaches, 15¢@20¢ c; for bskts and 25¢@30¢ c for bskts; crabapples, 50¢@55¢ c.
Melons—Watermelons, \$8.00@12.00 c; 100 lbs; cantaloupes, 50¢@55¢ c; c; crate; Nutmeg Melons, 25¢@40¢ c; b; c.
Figs—Black, 55¢@75¢ c; b; c; do white, 35¢ c; neartines, red, 40¢@50¢ c; do white, nominal.
Lemons—California, \$2.00@3.50 c; b; for fair to choice; fancy Santa Barbara and Santa Paula, \$4.50@5.00 c; Mexican limes, \$7.00@8.00 c; c.
Various—Bananas, \$1.50@2.50 c; bunch; pineapples, \$2.00@3.50 c; do for Honolulu.
DRIED FRUITS—New crop—Apricots, 75¢ c; b; c. Apples, evaporated, 60¢@65¢ c; do sun-dried, sliced, 55¢@60¢ c; peaches, bleached, 60¢ c; Old crop—Pears, 54¢@60¢ c; for bleached halves; do qrs, 45¢@50¢ c; plums, pitted, 35¢ c; black figs, pressed, 30¢ c; do unpressed, 20¢ c; do ungraded, 15¢@20¢ c; prunes, 45¢@50¢ c; for graded and 30¢ c; for ungraded.
Raisins—Local prices, crop of 1894—California raisins, 25¢@30¢ c; b; do layers, 60¢@81¢ c; Muscatel, loose, bxs, \$1.15@1.25 c; do sds, 24¢@30¢ c; for No. 1 and 24¢@25¢ c; for No. 2; dried grapes, 24¢ c; b; c.
NUTS—Jobbing prices: Almonds, softshells, 50¢ c; b; do papershell, 10¢@11¢ c; do hardshell, 50¢ c; standard, 70¢ c; walnuts, California, softshell, 90¢@100¢ c; do papershell, 90¢@100¢ c; do hardshell, 50¢ c; do No. 2, 40¢@45¢ c; do Chile, 75¢@80¢ c; 80¢ c; Filberts, 10¢@11¢ c; polished pecans, Texas, 80¢ c; pine nuts, Mexican, 12¢ c; b; c; peanuts, 5¢@6¢ c; c; hickory, nominal; coconuts, \$5.00@5.50 c; 100.

Butter, Cheese and Honey.
BUTTER—Creamery, 24¢@25¢ c; b; c; fancy dairy, 25¢@26¢ c; good to choice, 18¢@21¢ c; common, 15¢@18¢ c; pickled roll, 18¢@20¢ c; creamery in tubs, 21¢@23¢ c; firkins, 16¢@18¢ c.
CHEESE—California, 80¢@110¢ c; b; c; for flats; Young America, 80¢@100¢ c; Eastern, 110¢@130¢ c; b; c.
HONEY—Jobbing prices, Comb, clear white, 10¢@11¢ c; b; c; do dark to light, nominal; water white, extracted, 64¢ c; light amber do, 64¢ c; dark amber do, 54¢@60¢ c; b; c.
BEEWAX—24¢@25¢ c; b; c.

Poultry and Eggs.
POULTRY—Hens, \$3.50@4.50 c; do; broilers, \$2.00@2.50 c; fryers, \$1.00@1.50 c; roosters, \$1.00@2.50 c; for young; do old, \$3.00@4.00 c; geese, \$1.25@1.50 c; pair; ducks, \$1.00@1.50 c; do; turkeys, alive, 12¢@14¢ c; b; c; pigeons, \$1.50@2.00 c; do for young and \$1.00@1.25 c; for old.
EGGS—California, 20¢@30¢ c; do for fair to choice; fancy ranch, 35¢@40¢ c; Eastern, 20¢@30¢ c.

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SUNSET IN THE WOODS.

Here as I lie 'neath shady trees,
In rustling woodland sweet and green,
The sun's last rays are creeping through
And lighting up the shadowy scene.

The voices of the wood song birds
That cheer the sad and gloomy mind.
The wind comes softly through the trees
And leaves them whispering far behind.

A placid stream runs purring by,
And at its murmuring edges near
The grand old oak stands close and sway
While gazing in its bosom clear.

Through all the wood the glowing lights
And colors of the setting sun
Are touching leaf and sprig and trunk
As o'er the quiet stream they run.

A yellow leaf comes flutt'ring down
Into its gently flowing tide.
A cricket's chirping in the grass
Is softly echoing far and wide.

The golden tints on forest leaves
Have slowly faded with the day.
The shadows in the evening light
Grow long; and blend and die away.

—Charles N. Myers in Detroit Free Press.

"JACOB AND ME."

"Me" was Rupert, and it was early in the summer that he begged to have his hair cut.

"It's so hot and tickly and tangly and bothersome, and I'm old enough to look like a boy," he said, which was true. His mother put her arms around him—they were sitting in the big wicker chair by the parlor window—and held him as if she would never let him go.

"I want my baby as he is," she said, which was also true. There was a little silence.

It was a low, little room, full of quiet and half darkness. There were some well filled bookshelves, well chosen pictures, just enough pretty and more or less worn rugs and cushions and a bowl of garden roses on a low table. The child leaned his head against his mother's shoulder, the despondent hair a bright tangle against her dark gown and gazed adoringly into her face, but she was looking out of the window across the meadow, where the black trees and the slender spire of St. Michael and All Angels' were clearly defined against the cool twilight sky.

There was a churchyard around St. Michael's, but it was in the shadow. The twilight deepened. A cowbell tinkled in the distance, and a young man and two girls with pretty shirt waists and tennis racquets went chattering laughingly by.

"That's the boy that plays the organ at St. Michael's," said Rupert. "I go in sometimes to hear him do it. He likes it. When he isn't playing, he is talking to those three nice girls in the little house down the road. They each have a scrapbook, and the little boy has a scrapbook, and they put everything in."

He stopped suddenly, his gaze followed his mother's across the meadow, and he slipped one foot around her neck, while she took possession of the little brown hand and kissed it gently. An old woman came slowly down the road—an old woman, with straight, white hair, blue calico gown and red handkerchief twisted around her neck. She was driving a flock of clamoring ducks and geese, and Rupert's interest was at once awakened.

"Dry me one, mamma, one of the big white ones. It would be such good company, and I'll never say another word about the hair." It was an odd fancy and odder bargain, but it ended in Mrs. Cardell's most promising gander, very much surprised and named Jacob, being shut up in Mrs. Ware's chicken house for the night.

He did prove "good company." With a string around his leg for safety, he followed Rupert hither and yon. Together they planted a garden and dug it up from time to time to see "how it grew"; together they hunted for frogs in the meadow, and together they waded in the brook below the hill; together they sat on the steps when it was time for "mamma" to come home, holding a long and rather one sided conversation.

In September a plan began to grow in Rupert's little head, and he told Jacob all about it.

Mamma had begun to teach in town now and was away all day. Julia, the maid, could be very good when she chose, but the day Rupert came tumbling into the kitchen, his feet very muddy, dragging after him poor bewildered Jacob by the length of his string, trying to explain all in a moment, she said:

"Did I ever see the like of such a bothersome child, and the pesky beast"—and picked them up unceremoniously by the left wing and the right arm and put them down on the doorstep. Rupert cried a little, and Jacob went to sleep on one leg, and presently Julia repented, spread a nice slice of graham bread with apple sauce and presented it as a peace offering, explaining that she had just scrubbed the kitchen and was ill tempered into the bargain "along of reasons you can't comprehend. And tell me about the plan, darlin'."

Rupert sniffed, ate some of the bread and fed the rest to Jacob, talking all the time.

"Mamma's birthday and St. Michael and All Angels' day come just the same—next Saturday—and papa used to buy a goose and apple sauce and a cake with candies. This year makes 29, and the punch bowl full of Michaelmas daisies—papa used to go away into the country when we were in the flat in town, but here the meadow is full of them. Jacob and me found them—and candles in the silver candlesticks and dinner cards. Could you paint dinner cards, Julia? The boy that plays the organ could do them, I think," but Julia was thinking of something else, her forehead wrinkled up, her pale blue eyes gazing into indefinite distance.

Rupert wondered suddenly why Julia "didn't go on and finish being pretty." Her hair was soft and wavy and brown, and though she twisted it up tightly twice a day it generally rippled loosely above a broad white forehead. Her eyes were very light, but shaded by long

dark lashes, and her cheeks were the color of wild roses. Beyond this her beauty ceased. Her mouth was very wide; her waist was very big; she herself was very long, and her fingers were bent quite crooked with rheumatism. Rupert tried to straighten them out as she went on talking.

"It's a cake you're wantin', and apple sauce and daisies—they're easy got—and candles. There's a plenty left from Christmas, but a goose'd be a big item on the bill, an it as small as it has to be, an a bit of steak here, an a handful of mutton for a stew there, an a lilliputian roast of a Sunday. There's Jacob now."

Rupert stood up suddenly and gathered Jacob into his arms. He was growing very heavy.

"We're going to find the boy that plays the organ," he said with dignity. He found him on the piazza of the little house down the road, deep in scrapbooks and newspaper clippings, with two of the girls, while the other girl was making lemonade and putting in a word now and then. They were all enthusiastically discussing theatricals for the benefit of a local charity, but looked up and smiled as "Jacob and me" came up the path.

"I want to talk to the boy that plays the organ," he said. They all laughed, which was very embarrassing and made Rupert's little face very red in its tangle of golden hair. He put down Jacob and hauled in on the string until Jacob lost his equilibrium entirely, and then he let it out again. They persuaded him to have some of the lemonade, which he liked immensely, but "the boy" took him unceremoniously up on his knee and asked how old he was, which is a blow to would be dignity. Rupert said "Five," wriggled away and sat on the steps and told his story. General interest was aroused.

"Let's all help, and you make the prettiest dinner cards you can."

"I will," said the boy. "I'm very much obliged," said Rupert, gathering up Jacob, "and you all come. You look so pretty it will be like a party. Julia won't mind." They all accepted.

Friday afternoon Rupert gathered daisies in the meadow, and Jacob helped—at least he looked out for stray frogs and was "good company." They took them home and rested and had their supper of bread and milk on the back porch—Mrs. Ware was away until evening on Fridays—and then disappeared down the road to the village. By and by Rupert went back to the meadow and gathered the rest of the daisies alone.

The sky behind St. Michael's spire was rose color and gold, and the most slender silver moon shone over the tops of the trees. When he had carried the daisies across the meadow, the sunset had faded to a silver gray, the moon had gone, one big star was reflected in the brook below the hill, and it was growing very cold. Rupert sat down by the stone wall, and two tears rolled down his cheeks. The windows of the little church glowed with soft light.

The sexton was preparing for Friday evensong. Suddenly the world seemed very big and wide, and the child lay face down in the grass and cried and cried. There the boy found him, and picking him up carried him and the daisies home and told Julia to put him to bed, while he himself put the daisies to sleep in a tub in the cellarway. Then he had to race across the meadow to be in time to play.

The next morning he brought over the dinner cards—even Rupert was satisfied with them—and staid a long while in the kitchen sticking the 29 pink candles on the birthday cake and talking quietly and sensibly all the time. The market man came in like a flash and threw a goose on the table. It was marked "Paid." Julia was bewildered. "The boy" disclaimed all knowledge of it and went home.

He came over again in time to set the table. He knew just how to settle the daisies in the big punch bowl and put things just right, with daisies and a dinner card at each plate, and all the time the goose smelled very good. Rupert was afraid it would "give them away just too soon," but it was a perfect surprise—the pretty table, the three pretty girls, "the boy," the daisies, the goose, the apple sauce, the birthday cake, the candles and Rupert beaming away from the other end of the table.

"Who planned it all?" said Mrs. Ware when they were in the little parlor later on, with a gay little fire on the hearth and Michaelmas daisies showing bravely from every point of vantage. "The boy" was playing softly on the piano, the girls were in a pretty group on the hearth rug, wondering why they had never appreciated Mrs. Ware before, and she and Rupert were in the big wicker chair in the broad firelight.

"Jacob and me planned it all," Rupert answered. "The boy" did most of it, and the girls were kind, and they look so pretty, and the winter was coming, and Julia doesn't like us in the kitchen, and soon the frogs will be gone—the goose was Jacob! I couldn't eat any myself."

There was an odd little silence after this until "the boy" began to play Chopin's impromptu in A flat.

The next day Rupert had his hair cut quite close. "Like a boy," Mrs. Ware gathered it up as it fell, took it home and laid it tenderly in a little drawer. She was smiling, and yet there were tears in her eyes. She was thinking of "Jacob and me."—Churchman.

The Violet.

The violet does best in a moderately rich, moisture looking loamy compost, with no rank manure within reach of the roots. The planting should be firmly done, crowding of the plants not allowed and but little space between the lights and the plants permitted. Therefore the foundation of the bed must not be of a yielding character, and for this purpose nothing is worse than manure or tree leaves.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

RELIGION OF JAPAN.

SHINTOISM RESPONSIBLE FOR JAPANESE LIBERALITY.

The National Religion Harmonizes Somewhat With Western Thought—The Spirit of Tolerance—Not Regularly Established Until 1868.

A Japanese gentleman not long ago visited a drug store on the Third avenue, in this city, and asked for a postage stamp. The stamp was duly supplied by the head of the drug store, who, wishing to be pleasant and agreeable to the foreigner, said, "Well, sir, which do you like better, America or China?"

The Japanese gentleman indignantly replied: "May I suggest, sir, that it is your business to sell drugs and stamps, and that you should confine yourself to these duties? I am not a Chinaman, but a native of Japan, and it is a mark of your ignorance of geography that you do not know the difference."

Without apologizing for the rudeness of the gentleman of Japan, we venture to remark that western peoples, even the most educated among us, do not seem to carefully distinguish between Japan and China.

The Japanese have always regarded themselves as far in advance in civilization, and there is nothing which offends the native of the island of Japan more than to be taken for a Chinaman.

Very much of the liberal attitude of the people of Japan toward western thought and custom arises from the fact that its national religion is Shintoism.

Most people imagine that Buddhism is the religion of Japan, and consequently the national cult of Shintoism is a religious belief which until the last 30 years had never been heard of in the western world.

For centuries Japan was a terra incognita to the rest of humanity, although its history dates from 660 B. C., when Jimmu Tenno was king, and Shintoism was his creed. Buddhism was not introduced into Japan until 550 of the Christian era, when it came from India by way of Korea.

The term Shinto is of Chinese origin and is expressed by the almost unpronounceable Japanese word of Kami-nomichi, the meaning of both words being "the way of the spirits." The essential principle of Shintoism is a combination of ancestor worship and nature worship, and it would seem that the latter of these elements is largely due to the contact of Japan with the Taoism of China.

Shintoism is therefore the veneration of the country's heroes and benefactors of every age, legendary, historical, ancient and modern.

The essential feature of Shintoism is its liberal attitude toward other religious beliefs, and when Buddhism was brought into the country the priests of the Buddhists extended the right hand of fellowship toward its missionaries. But the same liberality has not always been returned by the clergy of Buddhism, and not very long ago one of the great temples at Tokyo was burned by the Buddhists to prevent its falling into the hands of the Shinto priests.

Shintoism has been equally liberal toward modern Protestant missionaries, for before the Church of England edifice at Tokyo, now known as St. Andrew's church, was built the present Shinto government lent one of the Shinto temples for Church of England services.

Whenever opposition to Christianity has arisen it has come from the old nobility, who are opposed to all change and are zealous supporters of Buddhism.

Although Shintoism has been the ancient religion of Japan for more than 24 centuries, it had never been declared the "established religion" of Japan until the year 1868, when for reasons wholly political it became the established religion of the country. A grant of \$300,000 a year was made for the maintenance of the Shinto temples and shrines, which are said to be somewhere about 100,000 in number.

The Buddhism of Japan had been exceedingly aggressive and had almost subverted the ancient system of Shintoism, but now when a child is born it is taken by its parents either to a Shinto or a Buddhist temple for dedication. Funerals are now conducted by either Shinto or Buddhist priests, as the relatives may prefer.

The first great god of the Shintos is Mingo no Mikoto, the remote ancestor of the priest mikado, who is said to have been descended from the god and goddess of the sun. The mikado is known among the Japanese as Teushu, or the son of heaven, on account of his celestial descent, the title of mikado meaning very much the same as the sublime port of the Ottomans—namely, "the presence," an expression so common in oriental lands for exalted personages.

It is said that when the goddess of the sun made the mikado's remote ancestor (Mingo) sovereign of Japan she delivered to him "the way of the gods" and decreed that his dynasty should be as immovable as the sun and the moon; hence the need for making Shintoism the established religion. She also gave him a mirror as a sacred emblem, saying, "Look upon this mirror as my spirit, keep it in the same house and upon the same floor with yourself, and worship it as if you were worshipping my actual presence." The story is that this sacred mirror is still in the Shinto temple of Naiku, at Yamada, although it has never been seen by a western traveler.

The rites of Shintoism for many years occupied a conspicuous place in the rules of the court of Japan, and there are ten sections of the sacred book known as the "Yengi Shiki" devoted to court ceremonies. It must be understood that, according to Shinto belief, the great incarnate god is the mikado himself, but the gods of Shintoism are numbered by thousands.—Thomas P. Hughes in New York Sun.

The earliest reference to shaving is found in the fourteenth verse of the forty-first chapter of Genesis.

THE BUSINESS GIRL.

She Expresses Her Opinion of Men, Matrimony and Money.

The social philosopher had been petting her chin in an absurdly hayseedish manner, and as the thoughtful panorama was ominously regarded as a forerunner of a more or less prolonged lecture she didn't dare disappoint her admiring petticoated audience. So she said:

"It seems to me that the very moment that a young woman shows ability in any chosen profession about 500 ordinarily charming and lovely individuals rise up like solicitous hens over a weak legged chicken and implore her not to spoil her good work by tumbling into the matrimonial tank."

"Fah!" puffed the girl who always interrupts. "The motherly hens had better wait until she gets a good chance. Then they'd see how quickly 'Yes, sir, I'm yours,' could be said."

"What nonsense!" the social philosopher deigned to answer. "Every girl has opportunities to marry, but no girl in her right mind is going to blindfold herself to the dozens of things to be considered. There's the money question, for instance. That always comes first, for if you are a business woman, earning a fairly decent salary, it is absurd to marry a man who receives but little more. Diamond tastes and window glass purses make a mighty unsatisfactory combination, my dear. Besides perhaps you are fond of your work and dislike household managing, but if you go down to business every day people will look wise and say mean things, and you'll wish yourself unhooked from your matrimonial venture."

"Perfect men are so hard to find! Now, what girl could endure a bald head or a red nose, even if it went with loads of wealth and bushels of love? Why, in less than six weeks she'd be making the poor man wear a frilled cap and a prepared chalk nose. A man's good looks go a long way with a girl. I'm ashamed to confess, and a jerky manner of talking, or a eissy walk, or a nervous movement of the hands will make a girl's teeth grind and her temper fray at the edges—that is, unless she's really and truly in love. Then he might be a tailor's dummy, noseless and cross eyed, bewhiskered and with rough cheeks, and she'll still think him the loveliest thing on earth."—Chicago Record.

Mimicry of the Spider.

A southerner gives the following account of his discovery of a chameleon spider: "One afternoon, while tramping along a dusty road, I noticed in the bushes which grew along the side what appeared to be a singular looking white flower, with a blue center. Stopping to examine it, I found to my astonishment that it was not a flower at all, but a spider's web, and that the supposed light blue heart of the flower was the spider itself, lying in wait for its prey. The mottled brown legs of the spider were extended in such a way as to resemble the divisions between the petals of a flower."

"The web itself, very delicately woven into a rosette pattern, was white, and the threads that suspended it from the bushes were so fine as to be almost invisible. The whole thing had the appearance of being suspended in the air upon a stem concealed beneath. Upon knocking the spider from his perch into the white gauze net which I carried my surprise was greatly increased upon seeing my captive instantly turn in color from blue to white. I shook the net, and again the spider changed color, and this time its body became a dull greenish brown. As often as I would shake the net just so often would the spider change its color, and I kept it up until it had assumed about every hue of the rainbow."—Philadelphia Ledger.

How to Read.

We cannot too strongly impress every daughter with the fact that habits of reading are wonderfully powerful. Early learn to read only good books, and read them critically and thoughtfully. The purpose for which we read a book must not be mere pleasure. We must aim to obtain and retain the author's thought and meaning. Few good books do not have some particular question upon which they dwell strongly. A few well directed questions from father, mother or brother will help to bring this to light, and in addition will enforce the fact that an opinion of one's own is of more value than a dozen that were begged, borrowed or stolen from some eminent man or woman. Many people regret that they were not early taught to consider the author's name as continually reminding, "Oh, I can't remember who wrote that book."—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

She Rides a Wheel.

Queen Marguerite of Italy has yielded to the prevailing cyclomania. She rides two hours every day in the garden of the Quirinal and professes to be the den of the Quirinal of the sport. Since the queen began to ride the wheel she has improved wonderfully in health, having acquired a hearty appetite that she never had before and being enabled to perform her pressing social duties with comparative ease.

A Curious Coincidence.

Not so long since a stowaway was found dead under the main hatch of one of the National line of steamers. He had concealed himself before the steamer left Liverpool, and died of suffocation. Curiously enough, in his pocket was found a novel entitled "Doomed on the Deep."—Chicago Times.

A Russian in Paris, who has made a business of training rats, has built for them a miniature railroad, equipped with a complete passenger train. The crew are rats, and the passengers are rats.

Beer placed in dishes near flowerpots will tempt all the snails in the vicinity, and the next morning they will be found lying alongside dead.

KEEP A STIFF LOWER LIP.

It Is the Telltale One, and the Upper Lip Can Take Care of Itself.

"I can't understand," said a young lady of observation, "why you men, who see so much and know so much, persist in the phrase, 'Keep a stiff upper lip.' You use it as a sort of picturesque synonym for firmness of purpose and demeanor, but it has no value as such. The upper lip is not the weak member of the two. It is the under lip that wants stiffening. The upper lip is practically expressionless. It usually lies flat on the teeth, it is nearly always covered with a mustache—I refer, of course, to the male upper lip—and in conversation, especially in correctly languid conversation, it does not move at all. Like the Chinese joss, it's a harmless creature and can be safely let alone."

"It is the nether lip that has to be watched and controlled. I can always tell when a man is going to propose to me by the way in which he wets his under lip and presses it against the upper for companionship and support, and the very things he is seeking for. And I can always tell if a man is lying by a peculiar fluctuation and pulsation in this same lower lip. He will look you right straight in the eye, grow fierce and drop his voice into his boots through the weight of his emotion, but if there is that twitch about the lower lip I don't believe him, and I've never been wrong yet. If a man feels deeply, I mean feels sorrow, not affects it, it is in the tremulousness of the under lip that he shows it. The sensitive man's lower lip is seldom still, and there is sometimes about it a positive pulsation that takes in the whole curve of the chin. The pout begins in the lower lip and is really confined to it, for the upper lip is only pushed out by pressure from below. You can't pout with your upper lip alone."

"In fact, you can't assume or affect any expression with the upper lip alone. Just try it. Hold the lower lip firm with the finger and look in the glass there. The mouth has become simply a hole in the face, you see, and so far as the expressionful character of the lip goes it is as if you had lost a feature."

"If you want to keep back a smile, it's the lower lip that you must look after. Weakness begins there, whether of character, health or age. It is not the weak upper lip that tells of downfall. It is the drooping, pendulous lower lip that shows it. And let me tell you something, please, for the benefit of my sisters who have not had the advantage of an experience that I have. Tell them that whenever they see the lower lip of their male companions turn out and over thickly that it's a danger signal. It's the red flag of mischief, and they had better say goodbye. Keep a stiff lower lip, young man."—New York Sun.

HE EMPHASIZED THE LIE.

As Told by the Sporty Man the Yarn, While Tall, Was Incomplete.

The boarders were sitting around the parlor. The landlady had just served one of her famous 6 o'clock dinners (35 cents apiece, or a quarter if you buy ten tickets at a time), and the partakers needed rest as much as anything unless it was pepsin.

The sporty young man, who had been there but a week, was telling a story about a friend of his who was in the theatrical business, advance agent or something of the kind. "It was this way," said the sporty boarder. "Jack was quite a hand to play the horses, and that day he was particularly lucky. He went out to the track with a \$100 bill. He saw the card was an easy one, he picked a 6 to 1 shot in the first race, and it won. Then he went on, playing every race, and when the sport was over he had won just \$15,000."

The sporty boarder opened her eyes and whistled. The ministerial looking man who sat over in the corner said, "Why don't you go on and finish the story?" "Finish the story?" asked the sporty boarder in surprise. "Why, what more is there to tell? What more is there to it?"

"Pshaw," said the ministerial looking man, "you know as well as I do that your friend hurried back to town and won \$9,000 more before dark playing croquet."—Buffalo Express.

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RESPONSIBILITY.

No stream from its source
Flows seaward, how lonely soever its course,
But what some land is gladdened! No star
Ever rose
And set without influence somewhere! Who
knows
What earth needs from earth's lowest creature?
No life
Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its
strife.
And all life not be purer and stronger there
by?
The spirits of just men made perfect on high—
The army of martyrs who stand by the throne
And gaze into the face that makes glorious
their own.
Know this, surely, at last! Honest love,
honest sorrow,
Honest work for the day, honest hope for the
morrow—
Are these worth nothing more than the hand
they make weary,
The heart they have saddened, the life they
leave dreary?
Hush! the sevenfold heavens to the voice of
the spirit
Echo, "He that overcometh shall all things in-
herit!"

—Lyton.

A CURE FOR BORES.

"I am in trouble," said Bremner to his friend Sommers, "and I want you to help me out."

"Financial?" asked Sommers, with a slight contracting of his eyebrows.

"Oh, no. Worse than that a good deal."

"I didn't know anything could be worse in these panicky times. What is it?"

"I have a friend," said Bremner, "or a man who thinks himself my friend, and whom for certain reasons I wish to shake off, but he refuses to be shaken. Now, you are a resourceful man and may be able to give me a hint. I have tried everything with Snags—everything short of positive insult—and all to no purpose."

"What is the matter with him?" asked Sommers.

"The matter is this: He has a boy 7 years old or thereabouts, and he always persists in talking about the lad—in fact, he can't talk of anything else—and imagines every one so deeply interested as himself. I have nothing at all against the boy. He is a good enough, commonplace little fellow, like all the rest of them. I never see any difference in boys myself. They all seem equally objectionable. But Snags comes to our house, sits down and talks about his boy until I am nearly driven crazy. I hope you can suggest something for my relief."

"I suggest," said Sommers, "that you take Snags to the state of Michigan, U. S. A., and kill him."

"Why to Michigan?" queried Bremner.

"Oh, simply because they don't hang for murder there, and any penalty short of hanging should be cheerfully borne to get rid of a man like Snags."

"I didn't know you were acquainted with him," said Bremner excitedly.

"I'm not, but I'm afflicted in the same way myself."

"Nonsense!" cried Bremner. "I never even heard you mention your children."

"I mean that I am afflicted with a friend like Snags. It's a daughter in his case. His name is Greggsy. I'm even worse off than you are, for this only daughter is but 5 years old. You are two years ahead of me. By and by the boy will reach years of discretion, and he will get there quicker than Greggsy's girl."

"I don't know about that," Bremner replied gloomily. "Girls grow up so much faster than boys do."

"But they never reach years of discretion, you know."

"I don't believe any son of Snags' will either. The boy's father hasn't, at any rate. But I say, Sommers, an idea strikes me. Why not introduce Snags and Greggsy to each other?"

"That wouldn't be a bad plan," replied Sommers cheerfully, "and then we might bet on them. I'll back my man to be the greater bore."

"There wouldn't be any use in betting," said Bremner, "for if you are in as bad as mine it could only end in a draw."

"Bring your man round, and we'll test the case."

"Shall I bring Snags to your house tomorrow night then?" asked Bremner.

"Yes, and if you're in for a bet I'm your victim. I have great faith in Greggsy and would like to have a little stake on him."

"It's a serious subject with me," replied Bremner.

"Oh, very well, then, I'll expect you tomorrow night about 8 o'clock, though I suspect your man is not half so capable a bore as mine."

It was a few minutes before 8 o'clock when Greggsy pressed the electric button at the Sommers residence. Sommers heard him talking to Mrs. Sommers in the hall, saying: "Oh, yes, thank you, she is quite well. I'll tell you something funny that she said today to her mother."

Sommers groaned and helped himself to a quantity of the stimulant provided for his guests. The next moment Greggsy appeared, smiling, and Sommers greeted him with well feigned cordiality.

Very soon the bell rang again, and a few minutes after Bremner was introduced Snags to the two sitting in the smoking room.

"Beastly weather this," said Greggsy to the newcomers. "I don't mind the weather myself, but when a man has children he is compelled to think of it."

"Have you children?" asked Snags, with apparent interest. "I've a little boy myself, but he doesn't mind the weather in the least."

"I shouldn't say children," replied Greggsy. "I have one little girl, and she is only 5 years old, but wonderfully knowing for her age, and this weather is so bad that she misses her walk with her mamma. We never trust her without a nurse, you know."

"That's saying," broke in Snags, "that I have a little boy myself. He is 7, and he goes out in all sorts of weather. I don't believe in coddling children. And that reminds me of a clever thing he said to me this morning. He always

comes a little piece of the way with me when I start for the office. He"—

"Ah, yes," interrupted Greggsy, "but girls are delicate little creatures and have to be taken care of."

"Quite so," agreed Snags. "I admit that there are disadvantages about girls that boys are quite free from."

"Disadvantages!" cried Greggsy. "You don't mean to say that a great clumsy boy is to be compared with a neat little girl? I would rather have a girl any day, big or little, than a boy."

"Oh, every one to his taste," said Snags loftily. "By the way, Bremner, did I tell you what my boy said the other day when I took him to have his hair cut?"

"No," said Bremner enthusiastically. "Tell it to us, Snags."

"Girls," put in Greggsy, "don't have to have their hair cut. My little girl has the most beautiful of golden hair you ever saw. You've seen it, Sommers. Every one turns to look at her when she walks out with her mother."

"Humph!" said Snags, with ill concealed contempt. "I was saying that I took my boy to have his hair cut, and it was the first time that he had ever been to a barber's shop. A man was being shaved, and his face was all over lather. Without a word the boy drew his hands from mine and bolted for home, running so fast that I didn't overtake him until he was at the door."

"What did you do that for, you young rascal?" said Snags.

"Oh, papa," he answered, "if my face is going to break out like that, I don't want to have my hair cut. I wish, wasn't it? He thought the lather was the result of the hair cutting. He's awfully quick at reasoning, that boy."

"Well, it seems to me that he didn't reason to a very correct conclusion. Now, my little girl was having a dress fitted the other day, and she asked the dressmaker where the dress orchard was. She thought that dresses grew on trees."

"I must confess that I can't see much reason about that," said Snags spitefully. "If you are giving it as an instance of reasoning against what my boy said of the man at the barber's."

"Reasoning?" hotly replied Greggsy. "I never said anything about reasoning. It was poetical. She thought dresses grew on trees, and that ribbons were the blossoms. She told me so herself. And then another time she and her mother were conversing—"

"You'll have to excuse me," said Snags, rising. "I remember now that I have an appointment at the club. I forgot it, Bremner, when I promised to come here with you."

"Oh, don't go yet," said Bremner. "Tell us that story about what the boy said to the organ grinder."

"Ah, yes," said Snags eagerly, apparently forgetting his appointment in the joy of narration. "Mr. Sommers didn't hear that one, did he? Well, one day an organ grinder stopped in front of our house—"

"I don't wish to interrupt," put in Greggsy, also rising, "but I promised Mrs. Greggsy that I would be home almost directly. I merely came over, Sommers to tell you that I could not stay tonight."

"Oh, well," cried Sommers and Bremner simultaneously, rising and holding out their hands. "If you really must go, why, you must, I suppose."

"I am very glad to have made your acquaintance, Mr. Greggsy," said Bremner as he shook hands and wished him good night, and he added: "I wish you would come over some night and see me. My friend Mr. Snags here often pops in, and we will all get better acquainted."

"And you, Mr. Snags, drop in and see me," said Sommers. "You will be nearly always sure of meeting Greggsy here. Come in often and have a chat. I have a lot of boys myself, and I like to hear about them."

"That man Greggsy is a blanked idiot," said Snags to Bremner a few days after, "and I give you notice that if he comes to your house I won't."

And as Greggsy said almost the same thing to Sommers let us hope that the acid of one neutralizes the alkali of the other.—Idler.

PENS DON'T GO.

"Drop that!"

The prominent attorney who had just picked up a pen in the recorder of deed's office to affix a few additional annotations to a document he was about to file looked up in astonishment at his friend Sam de Jong's warlike order.

"Drop that pen, I say!" continued de Jong, smiling. "Don't you know that's a criminal offense?"

The lawyer said he didn't, and the D. R. then explained to him that there was a statute which provides that no one but a sworn employee of the department shall use a pen in the office of recorder of deeds under penalty of prosecution.

"You folks can come in here and use a pencil all you like," he continued, "but as soon as you pick up a pen and commence to write you lay yourself liable to arrest. See?"

The lawyer looked up Missouri's laws and saw.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Mummy Wheat.

The belief in the vitality of mummy wheat is so persistent that it probably will not be overturned by the result of careful tests on Lord Winchester's farm. Every visitor to Egypt is besought by the Arabs to buy wheat which is declared to be a veritable portion of the grain Joseph stored in Pharaoh's granaries, but which are really gathered in the nearest wheatfield. The Arabs have been impudent enough to offer Indian corn, which is of American origin, to credulous tourists as "from a mummy." A few months ago Lord Sheffield, on his return from Egypt, gave Lord Winchester a handful of wheat which he had himself taken from a sarcophagus containing a mummy. A hundred of these grains were carefully planted under a glass frame. After some weeks it was discovered that the seeds had rotted away.—Philadelphia Ledger.

RAT CATCHER BILL.

AN ODD NEW YORK CHARACTER TALKS OF HIS PROFESSION.

The Business Has Gone to the Dogs, Metaphorically Speaking—In the Good Old Days Before the S. P. C. A.—The Professor Tells Something of His Methods.

There are but six professional rat catchers in New York city, and only two of these have regular places of business. The profession has gone to the dogs. This statement, while used as a metaphor, is also a paradox. As a matter of fact, the business has not gone to the dogs, but simply declined because the state laws against rat baiting are very severe and are rigidly enforced by the officers of the S. P. C. A.

In the "good old days" there was money in rat catching. The "professor," armed with his lantern and tongs and accompanied by a humble apprentice to "hold the bag," would sally forth and make an arrangement to relieve the premises of a portion of its population of rodents at so much per rat, generally "10 cents per." An hour later these same rats would figure in some Center street or Bowery pit as objects of the prowess of some fancy black and tan or rough haired terrier, the admiring owner of it cheerfully paying 25 cents each, or five for \$1, for them.

William A. Heitler, who claims to be "the original Bill the Rat Catcher," a title gained in 18 years' service with Harry Jennings, whose memory is kept green among "the fancy," said, in discussing the decadence of his profession: "The business isn't what it used to be. Then we made our own terms and made money at both ends. Then we dealt with the people direct. Now we have got to deal with the agents. If a flat is overrun with rats, the tenant threatens to move. Then the agent writes on a postal card, 'Bill, rid this flat of rats.' That is mostly daylight work. I go up to the flat and set my traps and keep a-setting them until there isn't anything to catch."

"Don't you use ferrets?"

"Yes, I use ferrets in my business, but not in flat houses. Don't you know that a rat killed by a ferret is just the same as a poisoned rat under the floor or in the wall? I sell ferrets, but what good are they? Now, when we clean out a flat, why, then, we sell the lady some stuff to keep them out. It does the work all right, only it drives them into some other flat."

"Now, just imagine that some night a lot of policemen would start from the North river and the East river, simultaneously, and chase everybody into Broadway, and then set 'em all going to the Battery. Well, that's the way we do with rats. We plug up all the ends of the side streets, you might say, and get them on to a Broadway."

"We do this by turning several ferrets loose to stir them up. The cellar is where I want them. There I am with my little bulseye lantern and my long tongs. The rat starts across the floor. I hear him and flash the lantern. The minute the round light spot strikes him he comes to a dead standstill. He seems paralyzed, and he won't move under five seconds. Then is my chance."

"If I want to save him to try a dog with, I reach forward, and with my tongs grab him by the tail. If I don't want a live rat—and there ain't much call for them now—I break his back with the tongs."

"The biggest night's work I ever done was killing 960 rats at Willard's hotel in Washington. When I got through that job, I felt like proposing to the government to rid the wharves and docks of the country of rats. Now, that is all there is to rat catching. The work isn't dangerous, except when you tackle the rats on a ship. When the Spanish training ship was here, I took 156 rats off her. They were not like the house rats we have here. They were slim and gray, with tails twice as long as their bodies. They were as active as monkeys."

"To give you an idea, I have a little dog that has killed 50 rats in 18 minutes. I put 20 of these ship rats in a pit with him, and at the end of 50 minutes he had only killed seven. They did not fight him, but they simply kept on of his way, jumping over him when he would rush."

"But, as I was a-saying, the time was when a rat catcher had money to burn. It was a dull night that he didn't clear his \$25 or \$35. Now he can't make that in a week in the busy season, including what he gets for trimming dogs' ears, selling ferrets and things like that. When you have to deal with real estate agents, you ain't going to get none the best of it."

"Did you ever try the scheme of bell-ratting? They say that will scare all the other rats away?"

"Only know this: If you put a bell on a rat, he will be found dead in the walls inside of two days. It is my belief that the other rats kill him; but, say, if you ever want to stir up a rat colony, catch one old fellow, smear him with phosphorus paste and send him on his travels."

"In the winter I sell a great many live rats to the medical colleges. They use them in experiments. There is a big tannery over in Newark that gives 8 cents apiece for rat hides. The skin must be perfect, however."

"The least tear makes it no good, and it is hardly worth while skinning them, so many are rejected. They tan the skin soft, like kid, and tan it with the hair on. The skins are not used to make kid gloves. They told me the last time I took 12 dozen over there that they were used for lining gloves."—New York World.

HOW BULLETS ARE CAUGHT.

One of the Most Mystifying Conjuring Tricks Recently Explained.

Speaking of the bullet catching trick in particular, Professor F. D. Hewes, who is also a dealer in the art mystic, said:

"There are literally but few tricks in magic. The so-called new ones presented to the public from time to time by our leading magicians, conjurers or whatever they call themselves, are simply the revival of some old experiments clothed in new form. The catching of bullets is not by any means a new trick, for it is almost as old as magic itself. I remember seeing the old 'Fakir of Ava' perform the same trick, only in a different manner, when I was a small boy. The catching of the bullet is easily explained. In the first place, to accomplish it the conjurer must procure an old style caplock, smooth bore musket, some powder, caps and a leaden bullet. All these must be perfectly free from any deception. Now we come to the ramrod. Therein lies the whole mystery of the trick. It is constructed with a small metallic tube closed at one end and so arranged as to become detached from the end of the ramrod at will."

"Having explained the construction of all the appliances, we will now proceed to do the trick. The gun, bullet, powder and caps are freely given for examination. The performer requests some one to put the charge of powder into the gun. Next he inserts a small piece of paper and rams it down, and by a twist of the ramrod to the left the small metal tube is dislodged from the point and remains within the gun barrel. Now the bullet is marked and placed in the gun by one of the audience; again the professor rams it down. Now, by a contrary twist, the metal tube becomes fast to the ramrod so that in withdrawing it the bullet is removed."

"The performer now palms the marked bullet and all that remains to do is to go through the motions of catching it when the gun is discharged, and the spectators are thoroughly mystified. You see, it is all very simple when you know how."—Boston Post.

Jumping Pills.

A Germantown bachelor of convivial habits, missing his last train, spent the night with a friend in town and met with a harrowing experience. When they awoke in the morning, the Germantown man, to use his own expression, felt like a fur salesman who had swallowed his samples. He was still a trifle under the influence of the rosy, and his nerves were not in the best possible condition. On the dressing case was an open pill box containing two pellets. He was about to ask his friend what kind of pills they were when one of them gave a little squirm and turned completely over. The Germantown man rubbed his eyes and stared in amazement. Then the other pill slowly began rolling about the box, and his eyes threatened to bulge out of their sockets. The two pills next began hopping up and down, as though trying to escape from the box. Thoroughly frightened, the Germantown man gave a yell, and jumping into bed pulled the clothes over his head.

"Take 'em away!" he groaned.

"Take what away?" asked his very much surprised friend.

"Those pills in that box. Have I got 'em, or are they really jumping about?"

"Pills!" was the laughing reply.

"They're not pills. They're a couple of those jumping beans I bought yesterday and put in the pill box to keep."—Philadelphia Record.

He Stocked Up on Eyes.

Of the glass eye worn by a prominent publisher of New York several amusing tales are told. The artificial orb matches its natural fellow so accurately that the two cannot be distinguished apart. One day the publisher was visited by a man considerably under the influence of liquor. The caller made an objectionable remark to which the only reply vouchsafed was a prolonged stare of indignation. The steady gaze affected the man's shattered nerves, and his self control left him entirely when he saw a fly crawl over the publisher's glass eye without causing him even to wink.

"Have I got 'em again?" cried the inebriate as he fled to the nearest drug store, intent on loading up with aromatic spirits of ammonia and bromide.

While on a yachting trip the publisher suffered for a few hours from seasickness. When he recovered, he noticed that the good eye was bloodshot, while the other retained the brilliancy of apparent health. "Ah," he remarked, cheerfully, "I must stock up on eyes so as to be prepared for emergencies." And he did, and he now has on hand orbs of various shadings.—New York World.

Talking Through a Human Body.

To talk through a human body, or a row of human bodies, for the matter of that, is one of the weirdest of the electrician's feats. If a telephone wire be severed and the two ends be held by a person, one in each hand, but far apart, it is quite possible for two individuals to carry on a conversation through the body of the medium as readily and as distinctly as if the line had been properly connected.—Electricity.

Veronese's Big Painting.

Veronese loved to represent festive gatherings on a colossal scale. His "Marriage of Cana" is 80 feet long and 20 feet high and contains 130 figures. The most remarkable feature of the painting is the group of musicians in front round a table. Among this party Veronese represents Titian, Tintoretto, himself and other celebrated painters.—Exchange.

Trades unions have existed in China for 4,000 years. The Celestial workman levies toll on every transaction according to laws laid down by his trades union and without for a moment taking into consideration what his employer may consider proper.

WHERE TEAK WOOD GROWS.

The Coming of the White Man Meant a Nation's Fall.

In the heart of untrodden jungles, on thick wooded hillsides, leaning over the brink of precipices, where tropical creepers twist like snakes choking the life out of younger growths, where orchids flaunt aloft and strange vines bloom, there the teak wood grows. Against its corrugated bark tigers and leopards sharpen their claws, and under its thick shade strange beasts rest by day.

That atom of animate destruction, the white ant, has passed it by. Other growths have reared their heads out of the jungle around it, have grown, have lived their day, died and rotted back to the roots which supplied them with life. In comparison man has been a midge, a mote in the sun, hunting his fellow animals with flint headed arrows and stone axes, flitting, passing, gone, but the great oaks have grown, have spread their arms benignly over the dust of tiny shapes beneath, and planted in dignity have stood as emblems of strength and power in meditations lasting one, two, three, five and six hundred years. They have secreted the units of time in their hearts as a maiden hides the thoughts of her first love. Days have come as thick as the snows that fall on Kunchinjunga or as the waves crowding one another to the shores of the Bengal sea. And then, as if to give color to the superstition of the hill man long since gone with his tribe to the land where shadows fall deeper than those cast by the teak tree in the jungle, out of these emblems of strength has grown a weakness that has overthrown a nation.

The first oak of Burma to be felled by a white man was symbolic of the nation's fall, and when the visitor to Mandalay is shown the king's palace and reads the inscription on one side of a bungalowlike veranda, "King Thebaw sat in this opening with his two queens and the queen mother when he gave himself up to General Prendergast on the 30th day of November, 1885," if he cares to continue the fancy, he will notice that on each side of this opening the oaken carvings are broken and defaced, as if the events which changed a dynasty had leaned upon the teak wood, and it had fallen beneath the weight.—Century.

THE CITY OF NIZAM.

Where Turk, Hindoo and Afghan Jostle the Mohammedan and Hadji.

In the densely thronged streets of Nizam the scantily clad negro, with a scarlet "tarboosh" perched on his woolly locks, jostles the dignified Mohammedan, true lord of the soil, in snowy turban and flowing robes; the long haired, eagle featured Afghan strides alongside of the fanatic Hadji, whose green headgear shows that he has accomplished the sacred pilgrimage to distant Mecca, and martial Rajputs dash past on fiery chargers, dispersing a gossiping group of Sids leaning like ebony statues against the marble basin of the great fountain which faces the Char Minar.

A devout son of the prophet laves his face in the silver spray before spreading out his prayer carpet for the noonday orisons, and the turbaned head of the muezzin appears on the gallery of every minaret, and the cry "La Allah il Allah" rings across the city. A Rohilla chieftain, with a jeweled dagger thrust through a dark blue caftan, swings the heavy blunderbuss described in native parlance as "the tiger's child" and pushes aside a barbaric looking Pathan, with a leather shield, apparently sported as the insignia of full dress, like a sword in a ballroom.

Olive skinned Hindoos glide stealthily through the crowd, as though shrinking from contact with the motley assemblage. Solemn Turkes sit cross legged beside their coffee stalls, and keen faced Parsees, with sloping oilskin hats, are engrossed with the arithmetical calculations so successfully mastered by these astute descendants of the ancient Persians, in their modern character of "the Jews of India."

A few Parsee ladies, with silken "sarais" of cherry color lilac or apple green, thrown back from white headbands inscribed with sacred texts, drive through the bazaars, but the absence of women from the crowded thoroughfares results from the cloistered seclusion of the "purdah," which imprisons the majority of the fair sex.—All the Year Round.

Who Made This Neat Puzzle?

We should like to know the name of the author of the following puzzle and anagram:

A—old woman with—intent
Put on her— and to market went.
"Give," said she, "give me, I pray,
The wherewithal to— this day."

Each of the blanks is to be filled with a word of four letters, and the same letters occur in each of the five different words. These words are consecutively "vile," "evil," "veil," "Levi" and "live." We repeat that we are curious to learn the name of the author of this ingenious anagram puzzle.—Chicago Record.

Milk.

It is strange that with all the scientific tests applied to milk inspection there is no recognized standard of the purity of milk. Science cannot as yet distinguish the difference between watery milk from a poor cow and good milk adulterated with water. The cheap grades of condensed milk are generally skim milk, and even the best is not as nutritious as fresh milk.—Pomona (Cal.) Progress.

Clothes and Their Wearer.

It is curious how clothes become stamped with the wearer's personality. Just as shoes and gloves adjust themselves to the wearer, hats take on a something that instinctively reminds one of the wearer. It is curious, but it is so.

In the time of Augustus Rome was entirely surrounded by a high wall which was 20 miles in circumference.

WHAT CAN ONE DO?

Doctors Forbid Both Indulging and Repressing One's Anger.

When a girl is young and in the stage of pinheads and bobs, she is told that she must not indulge in fits of ill temper because it is "naughty." That is a matter of perfect indifference to the child, but the punishment that follows an outbreak of fury is tolerably effective in decreasing the number of such outbreaks. When she is older, she is warned against temper on the ground that it is a destroyer of beauty and a promoter of wrinkles. Finally, when she has reached the age when neither its effect upon her appearance nor the danger in which it places her soul bothers her she is warned against an outburst of temper as being injurious to her health.

It is claimed by physicians that to indulge in rage is a profligate performance and worse than that. It not only has no effect, as a usual thing, upon the thing raged at, but it exhausts the nerve forces and leaves the angry person weak and tired. A series of outbursts will put a woman in a condition where the sanitarium is a necessity.

But let not the woman who simply represses her emotions imagine that she is going to escape. Repression of anger or of pain, or of whatever may be the predominant sentiment of the moment, may be carried to an excess and then those same wise doctors who decry the indulgence in temper bewail its repression. The woman who continually hides and subdues her feelings is courting nervous disease and exhaustion as surely as her violent sister is.

There is only one thing to do, and that is to cultivate a charming disposition that never feels any particular emotion. The woman who never gets angry and consequently never has to repress her feeling or to indulge it, is the one who will reach a wrinkleless old age, who will win golden opinions concerning her amiability and who will never have to seek a sanitarium or try the rest cure.—New York World.

A MOVING MOUNTAIN.

It Is Traveling Slowly but Surely Down the Columbia River.

A traveling mountain is found at the Cascades of the Columbia. It is a triple peaked mass of dark brown basalt, six or eight miles in length where it fronts the river, and rises to the height of almost 2,000 feet above the water. That it is in motion is the last thought that would be likely to suggest itself to the mind of any one passing it, yet it is a well established fact that this entire mountain is moving slowly but steadily down to the river, as if it had a deliberate purpose some time in the future to dam the Columbia and form a great lake from the Cascades to the Dalles. In its forward and downward movement the forest along the base of the ridge has become submerged in the river. Large tree stumps can be seen standing dead in the water on this shore.

The railway engineers and brakemen find that the line of railway which skirts the foot of the mountain is being continually forced out of place. At certain points the permanent way and rails have been pushed eight or ten feet out of line in a few years. Geologists attribute this strange phenomenon to the fact that the basalt, which constitutes the bulk of the mountain, rests on a substratum of conglomerate or of soft sandstone, which the deep, swift current of the mighty river is constantly wearing away, or that this softer substratum is of itself yielding at great depths to the enormous weight of the harder mineral above.—Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine.

The Snow Flower.

A traveler in Siberia tells us about a wonderful plant found in the northern part of that country, where the ground is perpetually covered with a coating of frost and snow. It is called the snow flower, and the description of its birth and its short life reads like a fairy tale.

He says it shoots out of the frozen soil on the first day of the year and attains a height of 3 feet. On the third day it blooms, remaining open for only 24 hours. Then the stem, the leaves and the flower are converted into snow—in other words, the plant goes back into its original elements.

The leaves are three in number and the flower is star shaped. On the third day, the day the bloom appears, little glistening specks appear on the extremities of the leaves. They are about the size of the head of a pin and are the seeds of the flower.

It is said that some of these seeds were gathered once and taken to St. Petersburg, where they were buried in a bed of snow. The first of the following year the plant burst forth and bloomed, just as it does in Siberia.—Philadelphia Times.

Vegetable Dropsy.

Some experiments at Cornell university have aroused much interest on account of the development of what appears to be a form of plant dropsy. Tomatoes grown in the warm, moist air of the forcing houses had leaves that were swollen and semitransparent. The swelling continued until the veins of the leaves burst and considerable liquid flowed out. This was caused by too much water at the roots and an over supply in the air. The leaves were not able to give off the water supplied from the roots and stalks, and the congested condition of the leaves and subsequent bursting of the veins was a true type of a dropsical condition.—New York Ledger.

Flannels.

A Scotch housewife says that her flannels never shrink, and it is because she washes them in cold water. She puts them in clean cold soap suds and washes them directly, then she puts them through a second suds and rinses them in cold water and hangs them out to dry without wringing them at all. She never washes flannels on a rainy or cloudy day, but always waits for sunshine.

GOOD PLACES DIFFICULT TO FIND.

A Young Country Girl Tells a Pathetic Story in a Police Court.

Before a police justice on the North Side a slim, pale girl was brought. She wore no hat, her hair was tangled, and clinging to it were fragments of dead leaves. Her gown, doubtless once a flimsy piece of finery carried through the country by a peddler, was faded and torn, and her toes showed through holes in her shoes. She had not the appearance of a hardened sinner. Her mouth did not bespeak a long career of vice, and her eyes, though red, had not the dull blur of continued dissipation. The justice looked sharply at her.

"You have not been here before," he said, half as a declaration and half as a question.

"No, sir." Shame and grief were in her voice.

"What is the charge against her?" the justice asked.

"She was found drunk and asleep in Lincoln park," an officer answered.

The justice looked at her. She looked down. "How old are you?" he asked.

"Twenty-two," she answered.

"Where is your home?"

"My home was near Mukwonago, in Wisconsin. I haven't been here very long. I came here expecting to find office work, but failed. I didn't know where to go. I wandered about and finally got work in a cheap restaurant, and I worked there a few days for nothing and the thing failed. I don't hardly know how I lived after that, but I know that last night I was wandering about the streets. The air was cool, and I was hungry. There was no place open for me, and I went into a saloon. I knew it was wrong to go into the place, but where was I to go? I know that there are places for girls to go, where food and beds are provided for them, but they are always far off, while the saloon is always at hand. You have to hunt to find the good places, but the bad ones stand always in front of you. I don't know why this should be so, but it is. A number of men were in the saloon drinking, and one of them, sitting at a table, told me to sit down and have a drink. I told him that I wanted nothing to drink, but that I should like to have something to eat. He ordered something, and I ate it, and then he insisted until I drank a glass of beer. I don't know how many glasses I drank, but I know that it must have been a good many, for I recollect trying to dance. I sang old fashioned country songs, and they made me drink more. I don't know when I left them. The next thing I knew I was shaken by a policeman in the park."

It was a long time before the justice said anything. He sat looking at the girl, at her torn gown, at the leaves in her hair.

"You don't want to be a bad woman, do you?" he asked.

She looked up at him with a swift, surprised glance, and tears were in her eyes. "No, sir," she said. "What I have seen of bad life makes me hate it. I know that I'm not very smart, but I can work if I have the chance."

"And you shall have the chance," the justice answered. "Sit down over there."

"Are you going to send me to jail?"

"No, I'm going to send you out to my house, and I hope that hereafter you'll not find the good places so far away and the bad ones so close at hand."

—Chicago Inter Ocean.

USES FOR OLD STREET CARS.

A Boston Man Starts a Movement Which Is Unlimited as to Possibilities.

While the huge traction corporation which has gridironed the city with trolley wires was wondering if it would not be the cheapest way to take the old cars out by the shipload and dump them in some place where they would not interfere with navigation a citizen stepped in and bid \$300 for them. His first move after getting the cars was to put one in the back yard of a friend and to tell the children that they might use it for a playhouse. The children were in ecstasies and sat up nights to use the car. Other children came and peered through the pickets of the fence, and went home and teased for a street car. The demand was created, and soon the purveyor of broken down street cars did a rushing business.

Mothers found they could put their small children inside, and shutting the doors leave them with a feeling of security. It was the cheapest way, too, in many cases to provide shade. The cars could be secured for \$5 apiece, and the first outlay was the last. So cars were dragged by horses into back yards, and the trucks removed from under them, and the brakes taken off. Now that the new industry has been started it is surprising how many uses are being found for these ancient conveyances. At first they were thought of only as playhouses.

One purchaser turns his new acquisition into a henhouse. Another, who is a contractor, pays his men every Saturday night from the door of the old car. One man fixed his up as a carpenter shop for his boy, and one enterprising old woman in Cambridge made an offer for ten cars. Her idea was to wheel them down to the seashore and convert them into cottages and bathhouses, shifting their position with the tide. Her ingenious scheme, however, was thwarted by the refusal of the owners of the beach to sell her land for the purpose. Now that the ball has been set rolling next summer may see the introduction of "house cars" for the campers out, picnickers and excursionists. —Boston Transcript.

Gladstone's Religion.

The Churchman of London is worked up over a religious article recently written by Mr. Gladstone. "Space," it says, "forbids our dealing more particularly with the clever but dangerous teaching of this article, which leaves us in doubt as to whether the marvelous man will die a Roman Catholic or a Baptist. Neither would much surprise us."

A PROFESSIONAL.

He Had Designs on George Gould's Roll, but Put Up With Smaller Game.

"The last time I went to Europe," said an editorial friend of mine, "I went in very distinguished company. Among my fellow passengers were George Gould and family, Widener, Elkins and Yekes, the street railway millionaires, and I don't know how many more rich men."

"On the second day out there was the usual drift of fellows of sporting proclivities toward the smoking room, and very soon several games were going on. A very gentlemanly person who was looking on like myself asked me if I ever played poker. I said, 'Yes, now and then, if the stakes were small.'"

After a little further conversation we began to play a dollar limit game. Some of them wanted to make the limit higher, but I was firm, and we kept it down.

We played pretty much all day, and then again at night without any very big hands or any great variation in luck. Finally, however, I struck a big hand, and so did my gentlemanly friend, who was indeed quite the most agreeable man at the table. We backed our hands for all they were worth, and perhaps in my case for more, for I lost. The same thing happened several times, and the result was that, small as the game was, I got up from the table \$50 out of pocket. The next day we played again, but there was very little life in the game, and finally we gave it up.

"The matter had almost passed out of my mind when the man who had won my money came to me one day as we were nearing the other side and said:

"I think I ought to give that money back to you."

"I don't see why," said I. "If I had won your money, I should have taken it."

"Yes, but this is different."

"How different? I don't understand."

"Well, the fact is, I don't mind telling you that I am a professional."

"Well, if I had known that, I don't think I would have played with you. But if you won my money fairly keep it."

"That's just it," he said. "Here is your money. You are not the sort of game I am after. I rang in a cold deck on you during a deal, and I am one of the few that can do it."

"Then he went on to tell me after I had taken the money that he had come abroad expressly to pluck George Gould or one of the street railway magnates, but had given up the job. 'The fact is,' he said, 'rich men nowadays are not like they used to be. So soon as a man gets a big pot of money he does all his gambling in stocks or grain. Sometimes we get hold of a sucker that has come into a fortune by luck, and he is good game, but that sort is getting scarcer every day. Don't give me away until I leave the ship. Good day!' —M. P. Handy in New York Mail and Express.

THE PHONAUTOGRAPH.

A Remarkable Machine Invented by a California Genius.

A San Francisco man has invented a machine which will do away with typewriters, both instruments and operators, if he succeeds in perfecting his invention.

The new machine combines the phonograph and the typewriter, and in looks bears considerable resemblance to a cash register. On the front of the machine are small electric buttons, which you press before talking into the mouthpiece projecting from the upper part. This mouthpiece is connected with a revolving cylinder, which receives impressions in a way similar to the Edison phonograph. A traveling needle regulates the position of the impressions on the cylinder according to the size of the paper they are to be reproduced on.

The filled cylinder is placed on rollers in the lower part of the machine. Above the rollers is a supply of paper for receiving the written characters.

There are several mysteries about the working of the new invention. No ink is used, the written characters being produced in a bold, round hand by chemical action. It spells entirely by sound and is unable as yet to cope with the diphthong, the silent letter, the capital, the semicolon or figures, but it will receive the sounds of the human voice in any language except Chinese and reproduce them in plain English chirography.

This seeming fairy tale comes from the financial backer and the inventor, these two men being the only persons who have seen the wonderful machine. —Kate Field's Washington.

Home News From Abroad.

After enduring insult and calumny at the hands of scurrilous journalists for many years the leaders of New York society have thought it time to revolt. They have engaged counsel to frame an act establishing a "court of censorship" upon news, which they fondly hope will be made law some day. In the meantime the personalities will continue, and—what is the foolish part of it—the purchase of the papers by the reformers will continue —London Globe.

A Large Transaction.

The corporation at Cardiff, in pursuance of the ambition to make that port a rival of Liverpool, have decided to buy up various docks and lands, the present property of the Marquis of Bute and other private owners. The purchase money is \$35,000,000, and Cardiff believes she can raise the money at 3 percent on the security of the borough taxes. This is one of the biggest deals of the kind in recent years.

Volcanic Ashes.

The scientists of a European expedition now in Ecuador have been making analyses of ashes which fell 150 miles away from Cotopaxi at the time of its last eruption. They have found them to consist mainly of felspar, quartz, magnetite and specular iron ore. One sample yielded silver at the rate of 200 grains to the ton. —St. Louis Republic.

BLOWN UP WITH BELLOWES.

Latest Scheme to Make the Big Balloon Sleeves of Fashion.

There is a funny little story going the rounds of a certain feminine club exclusively formed for sweet femininity. Its name is never seen in the papers. It is highly respectable, and if there are differences of opinion the members happen to be altogether too ladylike to discuss their club secrets outside the clubhouse, which is in a quiet side street. It costs a pretty penny to belong to this club and to enjoy the sanctity of its clubhouse, and its members are always up to date and ahead of American fashions on their frocks.

One member who had just returned with several trunks full of Parisian frocks appeared at the club to entertain guests at lunch a few days ago with a most extraordinary looking pair of sleeves to her stately silk gown. Several of the members looked in surprise, because each had imagined that a pair in her own wardrobe at home was the only sample of the kind in New York yet. The sleeves were large. That wasn't unusual. They looked very full. Indeed the article that came nearest resembling them was a well filled balloon about 1½ feet in diameter. It looked as if the silk would almost burst if a pin should pierce it. When lunch was announced, the lady with the sleeves led the way to the private dining room, followed by her guests. Now, it happened that workmen had been in the clubhouse all the morning, putting in new grill work and hangings, and the work had not been finished when the lady, going through a doorway, stopped for a second and leaned against the side of the hangings heavily before she passed along.

As the lunch progressed a transformation went on.

About the third course one of the ladies began to notice that her hostess looked a trifle lopsided. By the time the ices appeared it took all the good breeding of the guests to preserve unmoved countenances. Somebody told the tamest kind of a story, but everybody laughed as heartily as if each woman had imbibed two quarts of sparkling champagne.

By the time the guests left the table they were all anxious to get away to laugh, but as the hostess swept with dignity into the reading room of the club she caught a glimpse of herself in a glass.

Luckily for the ladies she happened to be in a benignant mood, and a good laugh soon cleared the atmosphere.

"What was the matter?" said a dressmaker who told the story. "Why, haven't you heard? The very latest dodge to give an airy appearance to the sleeves is to bind the top of the sleeve firmly with a rubber band, leaving only a little space open large enough to insert a pair of bellows between the two inner linings of thin oiled silk. Then the sleeve is properly blown up. The lady simply struck a pin, and that was the end of her blown up sleeve. This is a fact, and if you don't believe it I'll show you how it is done when your new reception gown is made." —New York Journal.

ALWAYS ENTERTAINING.

New York's 400 Attending Strictly to the Business of Providing Necessities.

Mrs. Willie K. Vanderbilt is more imprudent than ever since her arrival at Newport.

She went to church there last Sunday with her sister, Armide Smith, and the congregation forgot all about the ritual, their prayer books and hymnals and stared heartily at her all through the service.

Since Mrs. Vanderbilt is now approaching grass widowhood she has abjured male servants and has imported three Frenchwomen to look after her cuisine, which is always exceedingly good, for Mrs. Willie K. is a true epicure.

Whether she will also employ women in the capacity of butler and footmen remains to be seen.

I don't know how Mrs. Vanderbilt got round the restrictions of the foreign contract labor law, but if she has got three really good "cordons bleus" her dinners will be sought after more than ever.

Mrs. Coleman-Drayton remains nonchalant, but her lawyers now confidently assert that she will put in a reply to her husband's suit for divorce on statutory grounds.

Her answer, they say, will be a general and emphatic denial of all the horrid charges he makes against her, and they also vouchsafe the information that Mrs. Drayton will fight to the bitter end.

This means, then, that one of the ripest and richest scandals that ever turned New York society topsy turvy will be revived with more bitterness and cruelty than ever.

A man like Coleman Drayton doesn't give public utterance to such things as he alleges against his wife unless he believes that he can prove them.

A woman like Mrs. Coleman-Drayton doesn't contemptuously deny such allegations unless she believes that she can annihilate the "alligator."

A very pretty row (in court perhaps) is imminent.

If it ever comes off, New York will have enough to talk about for the next five years, and New York society will have to be completely reorganized on entirely new lines before the effect of the scandal can possibly wear off. —Cholly Knickerbocker in New York Recorder.

Casimir-Ferrier's Latest Conquest.

President Casimir-Ferrier dropped into a toy store the other day and asked a nervous young shopgirl if a phonograph Edison doll, which he produced, could be repaired. The young lady said "Yes," and asked him to what address it should be sent. When he gave his name and address, she fainted away, and the anecdote made the rounds of the Parisian papers as "M. Casimir-Ferrier's latest conquest."

THE UPPER TEN THOUSAND.

Doings of the Dukes and Dukesses in the Aristocratic Circles of Great Britain.

In reference to some recent remarks here about the poor matrimonial results of the last London season it is learned that matchmaking parents are deriving much consolation from the almost phenomenal activity of what is known as the country house season. The weather has been bad for grouse shooting and other sport, compelling the young men to spend more time than usual indoors in the society of the ladies. The gratifying result is said to be the engagement of about 200 fashionable young men since the parliamentary recess commenced. The bridegrooms include some half dozen of the Marquis of Hamilton, among them the Duke of Abercorn, who will marry the daughter of the Earl of Lucan.

There is also one divorced man, Lord Connemara, who caused a grave scandal when governor of Madras. He is to marry a widow, Mrs. Coleman, and polite society is asking what priest or parson will have the courage to perform the ceremony.

When Lord Bruce took over the titles, honors and estates of the marquessate of Ailesbury on the death of his childless nephew, "the Coster Marquis," he found many valuable heirlooms missing. Thereupon he spent money lavishly in advertising and employed several detectives. The result is now announced. Most of the property has been traced. The heirlooms are in the hands of various people, including pawnbrokers, collectors and disreputable women. The late marquis, it seems, had treated them as available assets and distributed them freely among his friends and hangers on, male and female, the majority of whom pledged or sold them speedily for cash. Some of the present possessors have readily agreed to return the treasures on reasonable terms. Others have put fancy prices upon them, and a few have refused to part with them on any consideration. Law suits will therefore be necessary, and the recalcitrant holders will have to prove how they obtained the heirlooms, what they paid for them, and also show that the purchases were made in the open market. Their stories promise to be extremely interesting. —London Letter in New York Sun.

HIS HORSE TO HIS SWEETHEART.

The Request of a Young Trooper Whom His Comrades Found Dying.

On the steamer City of Puebla, which arrived from the sound the other day, was a beautiful coal black horse on its way to Los Angeles. The horse belonged to Lieutenant Casey, who was stationed with his troop of cavalry at the Pine Ridge agency. He was a popular young officer and made friends wherever he went.

About five years ago he met a daughter of General C. O. Howard of Los Angeles, and before the lieutenant's leave of absence had expired the young couple were engaged to be married. Shortly after Lieutenant Casey joined his troop at Pine Ridge the Indians began to be troublesome, and finally a report that the savages had swooped down on a number of settlers and murdered them all reached the post. The young officer started off in all haste with his troop to head off the marauders, but they soon found themselves surrounded by the Indians. Lieutenant Casey rode his favorite horse that had been with him through many campaigns, and he was the first to fall with a mortal wound. As he fell from the saddle the horse stopped and stood guard over his almost lifeless body.

When friends came to his relief, he was near his death, and he requested that his faithful horse be sent to his fiancée.

A favorable opportunity was awaited to carry out the last wishes of the lieutenant, but changes were made in the personnel of the garrison, and the horse remained at the post. He had his usual place in the stable, but no one rode him. As time went on some of the officers who had been with Lieutenant Casey returned to the fort, and they were surprised that the horse was still there. At the first opportunity they sent the horse to the sound by rail, and from there it came by steamer on its way to Miss Howard. —San Francisco Examiner.

Mrs. Lease's Election Bet.

Mrs. Mary E. Lease is in Kansas City on important business—to have a dress fitted. Mrs. Lease said:

"The Populists will carry Kansas by about 30,000. Do you know it was a discussion upon this very subject that led me to make my first bet? Joe Hudson of the Topeka Capitol and myself were talking one day, and I said the Populists would win. Hudson differed. He had confidence in the Republicans and offered to bet a \$50 dress against a \$50 suit of clothes that the Republicans would win. I did not want to bet and said I was afraid. He laughed at me. I said I was not afraid I would lose, but that I had never made a bet and was a little timid. I finally took it, however, and the bet is duly recorded. The fall elections shall decide who shall wear the new clothes. He has one advantage. Fifty dollars will buy a splendid suit of clothes, but not an extra fine dress." —Kansas City Times.

Tesla's Experiments.

Nikola Tesla, the famous electrician, entertained the Electro-Therapeutic association Monday at his laboratory at 85 South Fifth avenue. He made a number of interesting experiments, in one of which his visitors received 7,000 volts of electricity without injury. This was followed by a current of 800,000 volts, during which the guests, who were in a darkened room, became illuminated and sparks flew from them and from the furniture with which they came in contact. No one experienced the slightest inconvenience. —New York Tribune.

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